Serfojee Raja
MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL TANJORE

THE

INFIDEL FATHER;

658

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*A TALE OF THE TIMES*," "*A GOSSIP'S STORY*," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Oh the dark days of vanity! when here
How taſteleſs, and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd,
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

YOUNG.

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INTRODUCTION.

Before I addrefs my readers with the quaint familiarity of a fictitious character, let me, in my own perfon, gratefully acknowledge the candid treatment that my former works have received from the public. On this head I could be diffufe; but I will only *briefly obferve* that, though their approbation may have been beftowed on more deferving candidates, none ever were more truly folicitous to earn the meed of *honeft praife*.

Fearful of forfeiting the good opinion of mypatrons, it is with real anxiety that I again appear, at what I feel to be an awful tribunal. *All* my reafons for thus frequently troubling the world with my

reflections need not be divulged; but one motive, though it favours of egotifm, I will not conceal. The rage for novels does not decreafe; and, though I by no means think them the beft vehicles for "the words of found doctrine;" yet, while the enemies of our church and ftate continue to pour their poifon into unwary ears through this channel, it behoves the friends of our eftablifhments to convey an antidote by the fame courfe; efpecially as thofe who are moft likely to be infected by falfe principles, will not fearch for a refutation of them in profound and fcientific compofitions.

The particular defign of the prefent work is, to fhew the fuperiority which religious principle poffeffes, when compared with a fenfe of honour, moral fitnefs, or a love of general applaufe. The ftory is confeffedly fubordinate to this aim; and thofe who diflike it will obferve, that the *argumentative* part is

not

not affected by the faults of the *narrative.* The episodical characters have a use besides relieving the sombrous hue of the principal personages. I wish they may be considered as an *overcharged* picture of the vanity, extravagance, and self-importance, that have for some years infected the middle classes of society, threatening destruction to the sound sense, decent propriety, and manly virtues of this most *important* portion of the community.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE

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INFIDEL FATHER.

CHAP. I.

A few words from Mrs. Prudentia relating to her own private hiſtory; with Anecdotes of her maid Betty.

THOUGH faſhion has ſubſtituted eaſe and non-chalance for aſſiduity and ceremony, yet an admirer of old cuſtoms muſt be expected to adhere to the principles which ſhe wiſhes to recommend. Much mutual civility muſt paſs between me and my dear readers, on my again meeting them in my character of the narrative Mrs. Prudentia Homeſpun. I ſincerely hope that *they* enjoy good health, and I am particularly anxious to hear a favourable account of their eyes. It would grieve me to the heart

to be informed, that they were afflicted with vertigo, languor, or any nervous diforder, which had induced their phyficians to profcribe even my *innocent* prattle. I alfo hope, that, though they have efcaped the preffure of any fevere calamity, they have not felt quite happy fince they perufed my *laft* lucubrations, owing to their anxiety at my long filence. Perhaps this laft expectation borders on the romantic; let me then modify the phrafe, and exprefs the humbler wifh, that their palates may not have been fo palled by the high-feafoned French and German cookery that has lately been placed before them, as to prevent them from relifhing a little old Englifh fare, dreffed in a plain ftyle, and, if not more *piquant*, at leaft more *wholefome*, than thofe outlandifh farragoes.

Conceiving that my readers are equally folicitous to hear of *my* welfare, I affure them, that, though I certainly grow

grow older every year, I do not yet feel any ſymptom of the apathy and inactivity of old age. I am as anxious to obtain their plaudits *now*, as when I ſent my firſt literary bantling into the world; and I ſhall be as much concerned to hear it whiſpered, that "poor Mrs. Prudentia really has written herſelf *out*," as if my former efforts to pleaſe had fallen dead from the preſs.

I will however acknowledge, that there may be ſome incidental cauſes which may render this work leſs agreeable than my preceding goſſipings. My plan has ever been to ſeize on ſome important moral truth, and then to fabricate a ſtory to *illuſtrate* it. While I ruminated on the enormities of the age, and conſidered where I could beſt apply my ſovereign ſpecific, of courſe the moſt prevalent maladies would firſt ſtrike my obſervation. I conſidered a dereliction of parental authority, extravagant

 expecta-

expectations, romantic attachments, and the dangers arising from confidential intimacies, especially with people of *doubtful* principles, as most prominent among the many morbid diseases that haunt the lazar-house of relaxed manners. *First* impressions are generally most forcible; the friends of our youth are most dear; the scenes of our early pleasures are supposed to be most beautiful. According to this rule, I never shall be so much attached to my present heroine as I was to my past favourites; and I am convinced, that an idea faintly conceived will be feebly expressed. Though *self-love* may conceal from me my own deficiency, it must strike the bystander.

But, supposing this work to fail of success, may not some little alteration take place in my readers as well as in myself? In this age every body is a critic; and to peruse a work without

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giving a decided opinion upon its merits, would argue a total want of sagacity. It is no matter how the book was read, whether when half asleep, or sitting round the breakfast table. No matter how large the circle, or how many good things you heard and said during the perusal. You may skip as many pages as you choose, find out *hidden* meanings, and overlook what are *obvious*. Adroit readers know every thing by intuition; and their only study is, to say something *sententious* when they lay down the performance. Now if it happen to be a first production, or if none of his former lucubrations have attained celebrity, the most liberal expressions will be "charming!" "admirable!" "I protest, it is quite a first-rate work." But, on the other hand, if the author really shall have made some progress up the steep heights of Parnassus, the best way of exalting your

own reputation for ſagacity will be, to roll him down, which may be eaſily effected by the trite phraſe of "*quite a falling-off.*" The moſt ſtupendous genius can hardly withſtand ſuch an obſervation, if repeated in half a dozen polite circles; for, though theſe cenſures may not exceed one hundred, of whom not more than twenty may happen to have read ten pages of the book, "the world," as it is termed, will have formed its opinion, and the ſafeſt way for the luckleſs author is to make a *ſpeedy* and *decent* retreat to the vale of obſcurity.

Beſide theſe dangers from "the world," the *ſcriblerii* of the preſent day have another hoſt of enemies, whom it requires no common degree of temerity to brave. Theſe are the whole tribe of Reviewers, whoſe ſagacity and impartiality none can diſpute, whoſe veracious aſſertions no one can queſtion, and

from

from whoſe authoritative tribunal there is no appeal. If this corps continued "one and undivided," I will allow that one muſt be a very Drawcanſir to venture to oppoſe them; but, as their *number* multiplies, I confeſs, I think they ſeem in the uſual ſituation of wide extended kingdoms, which are in reality weakened by an apparent increaſe of ſtrength? 'Tis true, the magiſterial tone of expreſſion is preſerved; and "we affirm," "we aver," and "we decide," are as frequent in their pages as when their decretals, like papal bulls, thundered through the land without oppoſition; and, for my own part, I ſtill retain ſo many of my *juvenile* habits, that whenever *one* review aſſails me, I always feel ſomething very like an ague fit; and even when it proceeds ſo far as to call me a troubleſome old chatterbox, I dare not for my life attempt a reply. In this mortified ſtate I generally remain,

till ſome kind neighbour lends me his *rival review*, in which things wear ſo different an aſpect, that my courage returns, I hold up my head, take a pinch of ſnuff, and repeat with ſomewhat of a triumphant tone the old adage,

"Empire's nothing when divided."

I have introduced the above paragraph to convince thoſe who were acquainted with my *former* works, of my *identity*. They know that, beſide claiming an unbounded privilege of digreſſing, I muſt be allowed to ſay odd things, to talk of myſelf whenever I pleaſe, and to ſupport my own opinion, though without the leaſt ſhadow of vanity, egotiſm, or pertinacity, which are qualities I *utterly abominate*, and am *totally free from*. If I occaſionally introduce myſelf, or my Danbury friends, into my narrative, it is either from a wiſh to gratify the curioſity of the public, by giving them a

little

little peep behind the curtain, or to illuftrate fome important truth by a familiar incident, a method which people of *fuperior genius* often have recourfe to.

For inftance, I am affured the public will rejoice to hear that the application of fome fleecy hofiery has relieved me from the rheumatic pain in my fhoulder, which I caught by endeavouring to turn Greek laft fummer, when I fported a black cloak of my own knitting. The hiftory of the cloak itfelf is fingular. I began it when labouring under a ftrong temptation to write fatires and critiques, and found it fo happy a method of calming an over-bufy temper, that I ferioufly recommend a fimilar attempt to all my fifters of the quill whenever they find themfelves tormented by an exuberance of fpleen, or haunted by the reftlefs fiend ambition. Many ferious mifchiefs have originated from ill-directed activity; and I am perfuaded it would be more

expedient

expedient to mar a few yards of canvass, like our industrious grandmothers, than to dabble in the abstruse sciences, to indulge in the wild reveries of fiction, or to sport with the fair fame of others, according to the present method of exercising female ingenuity. It will be set down as one of my whims I know, yet I cannot help adding, that I think the needle a *safer* implement than the pen.

To go on with my family affairs. My cat occupies the same corner of my fireside which she did many years ago, and Betty and I continue very well satisfied with each other. 'Tis true, her long waist, square handkerchief, and clear muslin apron, look very Gothic among the genteel dresses, long trains, and nodding plumes of the better sort of Danbury Abigails, who I know have affirmed that she is *desolate* of common sense. I have, however, an high opinion of her understanding; for she is constantly of my

my way of thinking; and whenever I declaim against the times, she pronounces them "*worse and worse.*"

Since I had last the honour of addressing my readers, the sameness of the Danbury parties has been relieved by a visit from Lady FitzJohn, who, accompanied by her only daughter, Miss Melisandriania, passed great part of a summer with her cousin Mrs. Inkle. Mr. Artremidorus FitzJohn was also expected, to spend a few days with us; but, unluckily, that gentleman drove up in his curricle at the very instant when Mr. Inkle was tying up a brown paper parcel, and making his final bow to a market customer; which so shocked Mr. FitzJohn's feelings, that he determined to *cut* the visit, as it would be impossible for him to breathe the same atmosphere with a retailer of tape, as stiff and precise as his own buckram. He could only devour Mrs. Inkle's early

early ſtrawberries, (which, with a judicious ſmack, he determined to be hardly eatable,) before he recollected an engagement that he had made with his friend Sir Bronze Harpy, to meet him at Brighton; a circumſtance which had entirely ſlipped his memory till that inſtant. In vain did Mrs. Inkle obſerve, that all the Danbury young ladies counted of dancing with him at the aſſembly; in vain did the fair Meliſandriania intreat him, in a loud whiſper, not to leave her in ſuch a *deteſtable* place; maugre the frown which gradually overcaſt the luminous rotund of Lady FitzJohn's countenance, Mr. Artremidorus was inexorable. His horſes were ordered to be put to, and the only proof he gave of being guilty of the weakneſs of domeſtic complaiſance, was a promiſe to remember his ſiſter's meſſage to Sir Bronze. My regard to female delicacy would have induced me

to

to fupprefs it; but as the Lady hallooed it from the top of the ftairs, it was evidently not meant to be a fecret. "Tell "Harpy," faid fhe, "that I think him a "*divine* fellow, and that I am *dying* to "fee him at FitzJohn Place."

I had been well acquainted with Lady FitzJohn when fhe was only Kitty Muggleton, and Mrs. Inkle obligingly invited me to meet my old friend. Her Ladyfhip received me with the moft affable condefcenfion, and I had the honour to cut into the half-crown whift table. Thefe diftinctions fo elated me, that I foolifhly repeated feveral anecdotes of our childifh years, which proved her Ladyfhip to be about my own age, and not *always* to have been my fuperior. The important fcenes in which fhe had fince figured, obliterated all traces of thofe events, and I had caufe to lament my own tenacious memory, fince at my *future* vifits I could never obtain more than

than a "how d'ye," accompanied by a very low curtefy; and, after many ufelefs efforts to rejoin the patricians, I was forced to content myfelf with the fecond-rate praife of being good-natured to young people, by joining the commerce table, which was formed for Mifs Melifandriania's amufement whenever that young Lady did not choofe to edify us ruftics by finging, playing, reciting verfes, or placing herfelf in interefting languid attitudes.

Sometimes, to diverfify the fcene, Mrs. Inkle's route was changed to a converfazione. I am not ufed to thefe latter entertainments, and can only defcribe the one at which myfelf and all the Danbury Ladies officiated in the humble capacity of hearers. The amufement confifted in inquiries made by Mrs. Inkle, and anfwers given by the Fitz-Johns, fomewhat in the ftyle of the chorus in the Greek dramas; for by this

this means we, the auditors, were fully informed of every thing relating to the taſte, grandeur, munificence, ſplendid connexions, and aſtoniſhing merit of the FitzJohns. Theſe tidings produced an effect upon the company almoſt ſimilar to an electrical ſhock. We all recollected inſtances of our own negligence with horror; and when we were aſſured that Lord Glanville honoured Sir Peter with the ſtricteſt intimacy, and that Lady Caroline was never eaſy when abſent from her ſweet friend Meliſandriania, our own ignorance of etiquette and inattention to people of ſuch faſhion covered us with confuſion, eſpecially when Mr. Inkle, who aſſiſted the ſhop-boy in handing round the ſyllabubs, whiſpered me, that it was all true; her Ladyſhip having juſt ordered three hundred yards of pink callico to furniſh her attics, which ſhe thought would be good enough for ſleeping rooms for humble

humble coufins, Liverpool merchants, geniufes, dancing mafters, and other odd people, whom nobody cared about.

I can hardly defcribe the agreeable agitation which the appearance of the FitzJohns caufed at Danbury. To be fure, we were a little fevere upon the poor Inkles, fometimes blaming their extravagance for keeping fuch high company, and fometimes wondering why *they*, of all people in the world, fhould be fo lucky as to have fuch great relations. We foreboded that next year they too would certainly commence gentlefolks, retire upon their fortunes, fet up their buggy, and leave the fhop to Jack Dapper, their apprentice. Nay, we faw convincing proofs of the juftnefs of our predictions, in the confequential tie of Jack's cravat, and the important curl of his brutus. Thus we prophefied, but like Caffandra prophefied in vain, or rather with lefs perfect infight into futurity

turity than the famed Trojan fair. Deceived by the glare of tinfel, we miftook it for genuine gold, and thus formed our auguries from falfe prognoftics. In the next chapter I fhall introduce the reader to a more intimate acquaintance with Lady FitzJohn, who will make a diftinguifhed figure in thefe pages, being, like Falftaff, not "only witty herfelf, "but the caufe of wit in others."

CHAP. II.

A woman of ſuperior genius is introduced. Her huſband gains the acmé of connubial felicity by loſing all reſponſibility.

THE maiden name of Lady FitzJohn, I have already obſerved, was Muggleton. Her father was an honeſt induſtrious farmer; whoſe frugal habits enabling him to reſerve fifty pounds a year, he ſagaciouſly determined that his only child, the heireſs of ſuch immenſe wealth, ſhould poſſeſs the bleſſing of a *good* education. His wife, to whom he communicated his ſcheme, ſeconded it with all the eloquence that ſhe poſſeſſed, and quoted the motto which her ſchool-maſter had written in her common prayer-book, that "Learning was

"better than houſe and land." Becauſe, as the adage obſerves,

"When houſe and land are gone and ſpent,
"Then learning is moſt excellent."

"Therefore, huſband," continued the good dame, "We will turn off Sue, "and I'll do all the work myſelf, and "moil and toil early and late; only let "Kitty have a *good edication*."

The deſign was excellent, but the means to accompliſh it were ill choſen. Deceived by a ſpecious advertiſement of the Miſs MacFriſkys, in which they promiſed to take the moſt exemplary care of the *morals* of all the young ladies who were entruſted to them, in an evil hour Kitty Muggleton was removed from her father's ruſtic dwelling, and exchanged her homeſpun duſt-gown for a hanging-ſleeve coat, and laced peak, her domeſtic employments for learning bad French, executing miſerable drawings,

ings, and ſqualling out of all time and tune, under the direction of the Miſs MacFriſkys; and this with the view of receiving a good education.

Beſide theſe oſtenſible accompliſhments, many others were taught at *the above* academy. The governeſſes were the prettieſt women in the pariſh, and of courſe attracted the greateſt number of beaux. As there was an indecorum in permitting children to witneſs all the flirtation ſcenes which were conſequent to the above circumſtance, the pupils were diſmiſſed to the ſchool-room, to learn their taſks; where all who did not liſten at the parlour door indulged in that freedom which reſults from the abſence of all reſtraint. Folly and vice are contagious; and the evil qualities of vanity, envy, and prejudice, ſoon ſpread through the ſeminary. But, what is ſtill more to be lamented, cunning was made to predominate, even in the moſt

artlefs and enchanting period of human exiftence. A fpirit of intrigue is fpeedily diffufed; and if one honeft girl objected to a project for deceiving the governeffes, her fcruples were filenced by afking her, if fhe forgot that Mifs Nelly MacFrifky told her elder fifter that fhe was gone to market, when the whole fchool knew fhe had been walking in the grove with Captain Splatterdafh.

Mifs Muggleton fpent feven years in this feminary, in which time fhe worked a map of England, embroidered a fire-fcreen, finifhed a piece which fome called the head of Mr. Serjeant Glyn, and others miftook for an owl, almoft conftrued one of Fontaine's fables, learned to fing half an Italian fong, painted one fide of a tiffany petticoat, and nearly finifhed a fillagree tea-caddy. Befide thefe attainments, fhe had imbibed a fovereign contempt for her father and

and mother, an abhorrence of rural ſcenes, a diſreliſh for ſimple pleaſures, a taſte for expence, a habit of deceit, and an opinion that Miſs Muggleton was the firſt perſon in the world.

The next ſeven years of the young lady's life were ſpent in chagrin and ennui. Though her merit and beauty were indiſputable, no Sir John Languiſh nor Lord Tremor had yet ſought out her ſylvan retreat to make her the tender of his hand and fortune. And yet the novels which ſhe had ſtudied at Miſs MacFriſky's convinced her that ſuch events were not only *poſſible*, but *probable*. As the fault could not lie either in herſelf or the unknown gentleman, it muſt be in her father and mother; who, to ſay the truth, were ſuch *glumpiſh* aukward beings, as no man of faſhion would chooſe to be allied to. 'Tis true, in compliance with her earneſt ſolicitations,

tions, Maſter Muggleton had modernized ſo far as to have a chitterlin tacked into his *holland* ſhirt, and to diminiſh the cuff of his Sunday coat; and his wife, though with infinite reluctance, permitted her new chintz pattern gown to train upon the ground two inches; but the good houſewife was ſo ſhocked at this extravagance, that the moment ſhe thought no one obſerved her, ſhe carefully pinned it up, and, maugre her daughter's objections to ſuch groſs vulgarity, ſhe would boaſt that this dexterous management kept it one whole ſummer out of the waſh-tub. In ſhort, Mr. and Mrs. Muggleton were boors in grain, and there was no ſuch thing as improving them. Conſequently neither his Lordſhip nor Sir John arrived.

After waiting for them, as I before obſerved, ſeven long years, Miſs Muggleton turned her eyes toward leſs brilliant

objects; and after successively *peeping* at recruiting officers, Dr. Dilletanti our smart physician, and even at Mr. Medium himself, then newly placed in his pastoral office, she declared that Danbury was nothing better than a burying place for the living, and that she would be immured in such a sepulchral vault no longer. Her father and mother, all astonishment, that Kitty should not be happy, when she had had such a good education, and led as easy a life as any gentlewoman would wish to do, readily granted her intreaty to pay a visit to a relation who lived in a large manufacturing town; and about three months after, we were greeted with the surprizing tidings, that Kitty Muggleton was was actually become Mrs. Jones.

As curiosity must be excited to know the history of the happy man thus *blessed* with an help-mate, I must inform the reader

reader, that Mr. Peter Jones was by trade a wholefale ironmonger, and in the eftimation of all his neighbours, *a very warm man.* Having paffed through life to his five-and-fortieth year in the folitary ftate of finglenefs, he began to confider, that as he had now got every thing very comfortable about him, he might as well make himfelf *quite happy*, by choofing an agreeable companion. Beauty he did not care for, fortune he did not want, wit he judged would be rather inconvenient; but a fweet, gentle, complying temper was indifpenfable. For though Mr. Jones knew that marriage was a change of condition, he by no means underftood that bondage muft fupply the place of freedom. On the contrary, he was a ftaunch affertor of prerogative; and, notwithftanding that the theoretical government of bachelors' wives is ufed for a proverb, Mr.

Jones had laid down such infallible rules for the management of his wife, as muft even fubdue a Xantippe. But, not wholly depending on their fuccefs, he alfo refolved to be wary in his choice; and fixed upon Mifs Muggleton, becaufe fhe was the moft good-humoured compliant creature that he ever faw.

I am not an entire convert to the utility of the doctrine of conjugal non-refiftance; and, though "unreproving" is in the eftimation of the *fuperior* fex, the beft epithet that can be beftowed on a wife, I think there are terms which would better defcribe her complicated duties. I am not going to fubftitute *fcolding*, or even *grumbling*; for I fhould not only be unwilling to have my works burnt by every *mafter* of a family into whofe hands they may happen to fall, but becaufe I think that female influence is better promoted by the propriety and

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and gentleneſs, than by the volubility or aſperity of our remarks. But I wiſh, from the moſt patriotic motives, to aſk thoſe huſbands who have been through life the tremendous baſhaws of their own fire-ſides, if they really are become happier by never having been contradicted (or, as I ſhould rather term it, *induced to alter their opinions*) by their wedded partners? Have their colloquial comforts increaſed, in proportion as terror ſilenced every diſſenting opinion? When their chair was exactly fixed to their own mind, the fire put out or increaſed according to their commands, and candles forbidden when the family begged they might be lighted, when their own accommodation was excluſively ſtudied, and every one elſe obliged to ſacrifice their comforts, and to ſink into profound ſilence and trembling awe—have theſe lords paramount felt

 very

very happy? I have known inftances of people who had their own way till they became abfolutely miferable, and recovered their peace of mind by fubmitting to the direction of others.

Will the reader indulge me in a grave remark?—Providence intended us to be focial beings. We have humours and propenfities which nothing but collifion with the humours and propenfities of others can rub off. If a perfon lives fecluded from the world, and in the conftant practice of felf-indulgence, he not only acquires many unpleafant fingularities, but alfo generally turns a felf-tormentor. Good-fenfe is no preservative againft the former; even genuine piety often proves infufficient: and as to genius, it moftly increafes the evil; for the proud confidence which it feels in its own powers generally makes it culpably penurious in its refpect to the judg-

ment

ment of others. I have rarely met with a perſon of ſuperior abilities, without wiſhing that I durſt point out ſome diſagreeable peculiarity contracted through inattention. With reſpect to the moroſeneſs which ſo generally attends the ſtudy of ſelf-gratification, it is eaſily accounted for by the ſame principle which makes petted children peeviſh. I doubt not but my readers are now convinced, that from my laudable deſire to make Mr. Jones amiable and happy, I ſhall admit his lady to at leaſt an occaſional exerciſe of the ſovereign power. But I muſt make one more deprecatory remark before I proceed in my narrative, by declaring that the foregoing obſervations are not deſigned to extend to thoſe gentlemen who are *too good* to want a monitor, and too *wiſe* ever to fall into error. But as their number cannot be very great, and probably does not much

exceed the few of my own ſex whoſe minds are too gentle to frame a reproof, I leave them as proper partners, excellently adapted to each other, and I ſolemnly pronounce, that only *ſuch* a man can deſerve *ſuch* a woman.

N. B. As I am a very great admirer of all the extraordinary productions of nature, I ſhall be much obliged to any one who will certify the *actual exiſtence* of either of the above *rare* varieties in the human ſpecies.

To return from this long, and, from one of my ſiſterhood, unſuitable digreſſion, though I think an occaſional and diſcreet remonſtrance allowable to my own ſex, and very ſalutary and wholeſome to the other, yet I by no means approve of young ladies throwing out the lure of over-abundant gentleneſs, to attract lovers who cannot be captivated by any other quality. Deceit is a moſt dreadful

dreadful foundation on which to build a permanent connexion, and I neither approve of a painted face, nor a varnished mind. Miſs Muggleton, as I have before ſaid, had been taught to ſubſtitute art for virtue. While her aim was to get a good eſtabliſhment, ſhe confined the exerciſe of this faculty to the likelieſt means of facilitating her grand deſign. She had ſteered through all the changes of languiſhing, indignant, ſprightly, and affable beauty, without making one capture. At laſt ſhe bethought herſelf of hoiſting out the *placid* colours, and Peter Jones ſtruck his flag immediately.

Every obſervation which the enamoured ſwain made on his miſtreſs during courtſhip, confirmed his admiration of her meekneſs and his own wonderful penetration. He ſpoke about money

affairs; ſhe begged him to believe that ſhe was not a mercenary creature, whoſe heart could be purchaſed by ſordid gold. Happineſs was all her wiſh; ſhe was convinced Mr. Jones had ſuch true generoſity, that he would chooſe his wife to appear like other people; and ſhe was perſuaded too that he would not wiſh to have the tender interchange of well-conſorted ſouls *often* interrupted by demands for money. But in all theſe things his opinions would be hers. As to a future proviſion, if ſhe ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to ſurvive him—but that was impoſſible.—Jones felt the tear which trickled down the charmer's cheek at that inſtant melt his "very "heart of heart;" and the next day, after preſenting her with a ſettlement of five thouſand pounds, and a deed for one hundred a-year pin money, he expreſſed

preſſed his impatience to taſte the ſweets of domeſtic happineſs, and begged for an early day.

I verily believe the "ſweets of do-"meſtic happineſs" to be ſomewhat of the ſame ſpecies, of fruit with the apples of Tantalus; for I have obſerved, that thoſe who are moſt impatient to obtain them rarely find their longings gratified. The honey-moon had ſcarcely waned before Jones had reaſon to *doubt* his own penetration. Storms obſcured the luſtre of the bride's countenance; he ſaw with aſtoniſhment that ſhe could frown, and he heard with terror the endearing phraſe of "Juſt as it is agreeable to you "ſir," changed into "indeed, my dear, "it *muſt* be ſo." Determined to maintain his juſt rights, Jones remonſtrated, talked of gratitude, artifice, and uſed a few other *ill-ſounding* words. But, horror on horror! he now diſcovered that the lady was a wit, ſkilled in argument,

ment, well read in books, and particularly happy in pointing a retort. What in this caſe could the poor huſband do; out-talked in every argument, and even left little hope of ſucceſs if he had recourſe to more violent meaſures! for his diminutive ſize and ſlender frame could not make any powerful uſe of the *ſtick*, which it is aſſerted (I know not how juſtly) the law of the land permits the huſband to reſort to in caſes of *great* emergency; and the cauſe of the *weaker* ſex was in this inſtance defended by a fair Amazon, whoſe figure, voice, and look, when ſhe armed for combat, announced the conſcious Thaleſtris.

The *little* body of Mr. Jones contained however a *mighty* ſoul; and if he had belonged to a club, I do believe he would have come off victorious: but as, unhappily, he never thought of that grand ally for refractory huſbands, he could only apply to a ſolitary bottle, which he

found

found of little uſe; for in the ſame proportion as it raiſed his ſpirits to the point of magnanimity, it deprived his tongue of the power of utterance; and a very *valiant* man who can neither ſtand nor ſpeak, may as well be a *coward*. But what was ſtill worſe, the next morning, during the period of nauſea and headache, his faithful conſort conſtantly attended, and plied him with water-gruel and mortification in equal quantities. Haraſſed by conteſts in which the enemy gained freſh ſtrength, Mr. Jones at length ſounded a parley. The fair victor reſolved only to accede to ſuch terms as ſhould cut off the *poſſibility* of all future reſiſtance, and determined not to be contented with the conditions that all prudent girls expect when they marry old bachelors. Beſide getting rid of all the old ſervants, old furniture, and old cuſtoms, ſhe required him to make a total ſurrender of himſelf, his family, and

and fortune. She reminded him of the *honour* done him by a perſon of her taſte and judgment, and ſhe thundered in his ears the *modern* diſcovery, that the ſceptre of government belongs to whichever ſex poſſeſſes *ſuperior* underſtanding. I am not ſpeaking of that ſymbol which is adorned by the dove and olive branch, ſince that ſometimes *ſlides* unobſerved into the hand of real gentleneſs, but of the inſignia of real abſolute *undiſguiſed* dominion.

"Nature, my life," ſaid this *endearing* creature, "has not given you that dignity and diſcernment which will entitle you to take the lead. I conſider your comfort, love, when I aſſure you, that you will only puzzle your poor head by thinking about what you never can comprehend. You muſt let me do as I pleaſe, and depend upon it I'll make you a man of conſequence." A remonſtrance of this kind, delivered with a

ſwing

ſwing of the right arm, was certainly unanſwerable, and Mrs. Jones became "King, Glamis, Cawdor, all!"

I will not minutely deſcribe the revolution which followed in Mr. Jones's appearance, manners, houſe, and family; nor will I enlarge upon the *comforts* which his lady's ſuperintendence beſtowed upon him. As he muſt know what they were, I dare ſay he properly appreciated their value. I ſhall confine myſelf to one improvement, in which her genius ſhone forth with full brilliancy. Among the many diſagreeable changes incident to this lady's change of ſituation, her new name ſeemed moſt intolerable. It is true, Muggleton had nothing very muſical, or very ſonorous in its cadence; but it was diſtinguiſhed by three ſyllables, and with ſome pretty appellative, ſuch as Catherina, before it, it did not look unreſpectable at the bottom of a letter. But a vile plebeian mono-

monoſyllable, the conſtant aſſociate of Newgate calendars and ridiculous ſtories, plain Jones, and nothing but Jones, was inſufferable. She really wondered how ſhe could in a *weak* moment conſent to be called by this degrading term.

In the midſt of her deſpair, my quondam friend recollected many happy inſtances of ſucceſsful geniuſes, who had pruned or amplified their family names, till the moſt barbarous and vulgar acquired a genteel orthography. Nothing ſhort of ſuperlative ſkill could make any thing of ſuch an unpromiſing compoſition as Jones; but what will not taſte and induſtry atchieve? She reſolved to viſit the humble village in which her huſband firſt ſaw the light, and where his family had long reſided in contented obſcurity, unagitated by the anxieties which deſtroyed the repoſe of their more opulent but leſs happy deſcendant. The regiſter, the pariſh writings, were ſearched

ſearched in vain. It was Jones handed down from father to ſon. Jones churchwarden was painted in yellow ochre on the church wall, and no various readings occurred. Nay, as if Fortune was in her worſt mood, Dame Jones's receipt for a plumb-pudding, and Madam Margery Jones's eye-water, were preſerved by oral tradition, and perpetuated the remembrance of the name and family.

But in an obſcure corner of the church-yard, a mutilated grave-ſtone revived my heroine's hopes. It was erected to the memory of John Joan, huſband of Fraz Joan of that pariſh; and, though it only proved the incorrectneſs of the engraver, the lady's vivid imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted that this abbreviation of Frances muſt mean Fitz. The clerk, who was alſo ſexton, and ſchoolmaſter to the pariſh, convinced by *weighty* arguments, confirmed the diſcovery;

covery; and as the words might be miſplaced, or an *a* ſubſtituted for an *h*, it was plain that Jones was a corruption of Fitz-John.

To confirm this ſuggeſtion, my friend next viſited the dwelling of her huſband's anceſtors, and found indiſputable marks that it had been a baronial reſidence 400 years ago. She magnified a ditch into a moat, transformed a pigeon-houſe into a watch-tower, and immortalized the depredations of the rats by aſcribing their injuries to the aſſaults of battering cannon, when the caſtle was beſieged during the baron's wars. A circumſtance which had juſt occurred enabled her to embelliſh her tale with an epiſode, which always accompanies the deſcription of a caſtle, I mean a ghoſt. A belief that the old hall was haunted was very general; and, though it originated in the waggery of ſome idle boys, who had exhibited a candle in the

ſkeleton of a horſe's head of an evening, this inventive genius brought out a renowned Sir Walter, armed cap-a-pee, who ſtalked nightly round the ancient bounds of his demeſne, carrying in his hand the head of Ragodium Logdum, a furious Scandinavian chief whom he had killed in ſingle combat. The circumſtances of this rencontre, ſhe obſerved, were preſerved in the village; the ghoſt, ſhe owned, with a ſmile, was, ſhe believed, the addition of well-meaning ſuperſtition, grateful to the memory of a deceaſed benefactor, and not likely to impoſe on an enlightened underſtanding. She, however, took care to alter and adjuſt its drapery every time that ſhe told the tale, till at laſt ſir Walter made as terrific an appearance as any phantom whom the magic ſkill of my fair cotemporaries has called from its peaceful grave within theſe laſt twenty years.

Soon after Mrs. Fitz-John returned from this excurfion, her hufband was elevated to the civic chair in the ancient and honourable borough of W—— and, as if it were determined that grandeur fhould precipitately reach its zenith, Mr. Mayor was changed into Sir Peter, in confequence of his carrying up an addrefs to court. Nothing now was wanting to crown the cup of connubial blifs but an heir, nor was that bleffing long implored in vain. Yet the birth of Mr. Artremidorus proved a frefh fource of humiliation to papa; for when Sir Peter with all a parent's joy clafped the little fellow in his arms, and calling him a young ironmonger, protefted he would foon *learn* him the way into the ware-houfe, the delicate nerves of his mother were fo much affected that fhe fell into hyfterics, nor could fhe recover till Sir Peter promifed that he fhould be brought up *quite* a gentleman.

The following year produced a daughter, and the chief difficulty attending the young lady's appearance was to find out a proper name for her. Nothing leſs than three ſyllables could be endured. Cecilia and Geraldina were alternately thought of; but a chimney-ſweeper calling his two daughters by thoſe poetical titles in Lady Fitz-John's hearing, ſhe determined to exerciſe her invention in the fabrication of a name that would bid defiance to plebeian articulation, and produced Meliſandriania to the great diſmay of Sir Peter, who regretted that his children's long names made it impoſſible for him to be fond of them.

It has been long agreed, that the pleaſures of anticipation exceed thoſe of poſſeſſion. Lady Fitz-John afforded an additional inſtance of the truth of this obſervation. Her houſe was new furniſhed, her empire was undiſputed, and her

confequence as the firft perfon in W—— was too firmly eftablifhed to fear the infidious attacks of a rival. Yet the difplay of tafte, the exercife of power, and the affumption of confequence, were not fpecifics againft difcontent. Even the mufical found of "your ladyfhip" ceafed to charm when it became familiar; and fome other method of acquiring diftinction muft be reforted to, or the world would think her gone to fleep. Fafhion now opened a new avenue to fame; education became the whim of the day, and Lady Fitz-John refolved to "out-Herod Herod" in the care of her children.

No fooner was fhe relieved from her laft confinement, than fhe devoted her whole time to the perufal of fyftems of education, and to the converfation of literati. Even in this age of enlightened intellect, the number of thefe luminaries is not fo great as to permit a conftellation

to

to be viſible in *every part* of the horizon, and the dull meridian of W—— could only boaſt one ſolitary ſtar; but then its ſplendor announced it to be an orb of the firſt magnitude. Every body at W——, that is to ſay all Lady Fitz-John's world, pronounced Mr. Babble to be a man of moſt aſtoniſhing underſtanding; their reaſons for thinking ſo proceeded from his wearing a large broad-brimmed hat, a pair of green ſpectacles, long flowing hair without powder, and from his conſtantly contradicting every body.

To this genius Lady Fitz-John determined to entruſt "the hope and expectation" of her illuſtrious houſe; and, having been told that education ſhould commence with our exiſtence, and that inſurmountable prejudices are formed, and tempers incurably warped, by circumſtances and aſſociations *antecedent* to the child's running alone, ſhe reſolved

to prevent the bad effects which muſt reſult from the ſyſtems of ignorant ſuperſtitious nurſes, by immediately fixing upon a domeſtic tutor. She accordingly entered into treaty with Mr. Babble, who from pure philanthrophy conſented to relinquiſh two ſchemes that he was then proſecuting; to render the winds tractable and ſtationary; and to compound a chymical tincture which ſhould ſo operate upon the viſcera, as to annihilate anger and envy, falſely ſuppoſed *mental* qualities, but proved by Mr. Babble to be mere *angular* and *ſpheroidical* particles. I ſay, Mr. Babble generouſly abandoned theſe liberal ſtudies to write the deſired ideas on the blank minds of the young Fitz-Johns. For this eminent profeſſor of the ſcience of education had brought his art to ſuch perfection, that he only deſired the parent to let him know what character he was to form, and he promiſed that his pupil

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pupil ſhould exhibit it as exactly as blancmange does the ſhape of the mould in which it cools.

Lady Fitz-John's deſires were chiefly limited to exterior advantages. She wiſhed her ſon to be very tall, very thin, and with ſuch an air of high faſhion, that wherever he went people might ſay, "There goes a gentleman." Sir Peter begged that a little attention to the *main chance* might be thrown in, but both his lady and Mr. Babble ſcouted the illiberal ſuggeſtion.

The daughter, of courſe, was to be very beautiful and highly accompliſhed. I forget whether either of the children were to have any real, intellectual, or moral qualities; but they were to poſſeſs that happy *verſatility* and *enviable* ductility of character, which would enable them to adopt the reigning faſhion both in mien and manners. Her ladyſhip added with a ſigh, that ſhe would

have alſo requeſted Mr. Babble to give her girl wit, had ſhe not found by experience that a ſuperiority of genius is incompatible with happineſs, eſpecially when it is unequally yoked to the obtuſe pericranium of imbecile inanity. How far her wiſhes were fulfilled time will diſcover.

CHAP. III.

Necessary to be read by all Mothers, as it contains a Synopsis of Education on a liberal *Plan.*

MODERN philanthropy has been excellently described under the figure of an allegorical personage, who is so busily employed in searching for distant objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim that came to solicit immediate assistance. Most of the virtues of the same school are subject to similar distortions of intellect; they are either engrossed by *remote* contingencies when they should be acting upon *present* circumstances, or they are balancing be-

tween two *ſuppoſed* duties when one *real* one requires all their attention.

The only domeſtic in Sir Peter's family whoſe intereſt had withſtood the revolutionary mandates of Lady Fitz-John, was old Eleanor. Her placid diſpoſition and the active protection of her maſter, whom ſhe had nurſed when an infant, preſerved her from the effects of that general reform which the new ſovereign had introduced. Indeed her civil docile manner had ſomewhat ſoftened her lady's prejudices againſt old lumber; and ſhe was at laſt appointed to the vicegerency of the nurſery, under a conviction that ſuch a *quiet* creature would be all obedience and condeſcenſion to Mr. Babble. To this good woman the little Fitz-Johns owed their preſervation during their infancy, a period always dangerous, even when theoretical philoſophy does not ſtep in to introduce the accumulated ſufferings of *experiment.*

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As Mr. Babble profeffed himfelf to be a materialift, his plan was to pinch and pare the minds of his pupils, in the fame manner as the Chinefe do the foot, till he had entirely expunged all the inherent vices; he then propofed to faften on the requifite virtues. But the difficulty was to make Eleanor underftand his fyftem.

"Patience, temperance, moderation, and felf command," faid this great philofopher to his humble coadjutor, "are nothing more than an arrangement of certain minute particles in the brain, which we call ideas. Now thefe atoms are ftruck off that fubtle ramification of matter which is termed the fenfitive foul by the memory, whofe procefs may be aptly compared to the blackfmith's hammer ftriking upon red-hot iron. You have feen the fparks fly off, nurfe. I fuppofe thofe fparks refemble ideas,

 which,

which, when concatenated or linked together in a chain by corroborating events, form habits, which are erroneously called virtues. You understand me, nurse?"

"Not very well, sir. Pray am I to take master and miss to the blacksmith's shop?"

"Phoo, that was an illustration, a simile. Don't you know how to distinguish between a chain of argument and an illustration? This is a very ignorant woman, Lady Fitz-John."

"Excessively so. One of Sir Peter's protegés. I keep her out of respect to his whims. Poor man! he never is partial to any but great fools. But I think, instead of attempting to *explain* your views, you had better lay down rules which she must implicitly *obey:* She has just sense enough to do as she is bid."

"Well

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"Well then, nurse, when the children are hungry you are never to feed them."

"Good lack a-day, sir! pray may I ask why not?"

"Because that is the time for you to assist the memory in the sublime process that I have been describing. Fasting will excite bodily pain; and the more intense that pain, the more vehement will be the operation of the mind. The mere animal will be subdued to the intellectual, or as I call it the subtilized part of us; and thus we shall lay the foundations of those habits which I before described."

"But the dear babies, sir, will cry themselves to death."

"Let them. It is better to die young, than to live slaves to the appetite. The passions must exhaust themselves; and man is an independent being from his first existence. It is the very zenith of cruelty

cruelty to attempt to check any natural propenſity. On your peril, never attempt to pacify them when they chooſe to give way to the natural ebullitions of feeling."

"Pray, ſir, when am I to give them any victuals?"

"Whenever they do not expreſs any deſire for food. For, you muſt know that eating is an acquired propenſity, and may, I am convinced, be eradicated in childhood. Cram a child when it loaths food, and its ſtomach rejects it. Indians can ſubſiſt on a much ſmaller proportion of food than Engliſhmen. People in a ſiege often cook old boots, and dine upon the covers of their arm-chairs. All habit you ſee. Nothing is plainer than this ſyllogiſm; 'The ſtomach may be brought to retrench its uſual quantity of food; the ſtomach may be brought to digeſt any thing; therefore what we call food is not neceſſary to animal

animal life.' But let us only ſuppoſe that we could be taught to ſubſiſt on one tenth-part of what we now conſume, the earth would then be able to contain ten times its preſent ſtock of inhabitants, and thus human happineſs would multiply tenfold. I hope your ladyſhip approves theſe deductions."

Lady Fitz-John nodded aſſent. To own the truth, Mr. Babble's ideas puzzled her almoſt as much as they did Eleanor; for ſhe could not conceive that people of faſhion had any call for patience, moderation, temperance, or ſelf-command. But as the ſtarving ſyſtem promiſed to make Artremidorus elegantly ſlim, and Meliſandriania ſweetly fair, ſhe ordered Eleanor to remember that ſhe did not wiſh hers to be red, vulgar-looking children. After this hint ſhe took up a book and fixed her attention on her morning ſtudies.

Eleanor curtesied, wiped away a tear, and was hurrying away to escape from hearing any farther injunctions.

"Stay!" exclaimed Babble. "My system attends to all the minutiæ of education. You must early accustom them to have their hours of rest interrupted. Once at least in the night, when they are in the most profound sleep, take them out of bed, shake them till they are wide awake, and, to shew them that you are not exercising any capricious tyranny, but merely acting the part of a prescient friend, give them their favourite playthings."

"O, sir, they never will like them at such a strange unseasonable hour."

"Yes they will, unless your erroneous conduct has taught them caprice; for what a reasonable being prefers at one time it will at another. Therefore, if they then refuse their toys, it will be evident that it was a chimerical attachment which

which made them ever ſeem fond of them, and therefore do you break and burn their playthings immediately."

"What muſt I do with the children?"

"Argue thus; I have now convinced you, by experience, of a truth which ignorant inſtructors would only have deſcribed to you in the faint ſhape of abſtract reaſoning. You are feeble and ignorant. Your taſtes are not formed, your judgments are premature, what you admire at one inſtant you ——"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, ſir; but how can I make them hear what I ſay? Why, they will be ſqualling as loud as they can all the time."

"If they will not liſten to reaſon, you may put them to bed again."

Eleanor was rejoiced at this permiſſion, and aſked leave to withdraw.

"Not yet," reſumed the orator. "Every other day do you pull off the boy's

boy's ſhoes and ſtockings, and force him to run half an hour on the roughеſt gravel-walk in the garden.

"Mercy upon us! Pray, ſir, won't the flints cut his poor little feet?

"I mean that they ſhould. Your objections, woman, prove that you are deeply verſed in that falſe ſyſtem which has corrupted the human race, by being coercive where it ſhould be lax, and lax where it ſhould be coercive. Revere my lenity that I do not command you to accompany the child barefoot yourſelf; for I conceive that a tutor ought to do every thing which his pupils do, to convince them that he is not unjuſt in what he requires.

"If I might but know why little maſter is to be ſerved ſo ——"

"For once, nurſe, I will condeſcend to enlighten your underſtanding. Savages have a much greater command of the muſcles of the feet than the inhabi-

tants of countries falſely called civilized. Inſtead of our abſurd cuſtom of bracing up the ligaments, they ſuffer them to expand, and thus the toes acquire a pliability and elaſticity equal to our fingers. If Artremidorus perſeveres in this practice he may be able to write, paint, draw models in architecture, plane wood, and even perform the labours of the forge with his feet, *almoſt* as well as ordinary proficients do with their fingers. Beſide the improvement which the liberal arts muſt receive from the aid of freſh organs, conſider what an important acquiſition it muſt be to the boy to be able to uſe his feet in caſe accident ſhould deprive him of his hands. Or, if a revolution takes place, being uſed to go bare-foot he will not regret the want of ſhoes and ſtockings; and if my ſyſtem comes to be univerſally adopted, leather may be appropriated to its original purpoſe of human ſubſiſtence,

fiſtence, and ſold in the fleſh market like tripe, inſtead of being perverted to the uſes of luxury.

"As to your objection that the gravel will cut his feet, I aſk why ſhould his feet be leſs perfectly modified than the pure Californian's, or magnanimous New Zealander's. But, granting that he be wounded, he will then become acquainted with pain, and pain is a neceſſary evil. Though I forbid all factitious reſtrictions, though I command you never to bid the children do ſuch a thing, nor to tell them that they *ought* to be good, I mean that they ſhould bow to neceſſity."

"I cannot think, ſir, that maſter and miſs can be governed even as you order, unleſs I tell them they *muſt* mind what I ſay to them."

"Abſurd! I believe the chaos of your underſtanding can never be arranged in due order. My ſyſtem of go-

verning confifts in not governing at all. You are only to teach by action, example, inference, and circumftance. Suppofe you wifhed to prevent them from cutting themfelves, how would you proceed?"

"I would tell them not to touch a knife."

"Then you would impede their natural liberty, and weaken the power of experience. A child would argue thus: 'You do, why may not I?' and he would argue juftly. Never ufe a knife yourfelf, nor let them know that there is fuch an implement."

"But if by chance ——"

"Then if by chance the boy gets a knife you muft let him ufe it as he pleafes. You can have no right to reftrain the actions of another: he will cut himfelf, blood will flow; he will feel pain, he will be terrified: memory will ftrike off fome particles from our fub-

ſubtilized matter; thoſe particles will concatenate, a habit will be engendered, and by this ſimple proceſs he will in future avoid knives."

Eleanor ſhook her head, but did not attempt a reply.

"Proceed in this manner," continued the triumphant orator, "in whatever you would have him perform, as well as in whatever you wiſh him to abſtain from doing. If you wiſh him to go to bed, ſhut him in a dark room, and do not let him out till he has fallen aſleep. Or, when the clock ſtrikes a particular hour, drag him up ſtairs, and tell him it is not your own will, but that the clock binds you both by neceſſity. If he reſiſts being dreſſed, which I conceive natural to all who are not perverted by cuſtom, indulge him with remaining in an unſophiſticated ſtate, till he feels that inconvenience from cold which makes him wiſh for cover-

covering. If in the interim he catches an intermittent fever, more ſcintillations will be produced from the memory. I ſhould even rejoice in a hectic, becauſe in proportion as that debilitates his frame recollection will increaſe his mental energy.—I ſhall cloſe my preſent lecture," continued the eloquent Babble, "with one inſtruction reſpecting the girl. Throw her into a ciſtern of water every morning."

"Dipping is a fine thing for children," returned Eleanor, rejoiced at hearing one injunction that accorded with her own ſentiments.

"My views," reſumed Babble, "extend to remote contingencies. I mean that ſhe ſhould be taught to ſwim, and for that reaſon you are to let her remain in the water till ſhe is nearly exhauſted."

The aſtoniſhed Eleanor here lifted up her hands and eyes.

"There is but little danger in this experiment," continued Babble calmly. "Nature, all-wife inftructrefs! will foon direct her infant limbs to thofe movements that will enable her to float upon the water, and thus before fhe is fufceptible of fear fhe will inftinctively acquire an art that may preferve her life. In the pearl-fifhery and on the coaft of Terra del Fuego women make the moft expert divers. In the South Sea iflands they glide from rock to rock like fea-nymphs, and fport amidft tornados and hurricanes. In Greenland they accompany their hufbands in their boats, foothing their labours with their foft fociety, and partaking both of their labours and triumphs. Whether their bodies gliften with train oil, or whether meandering lines of tattoo diverfify their tender limbs, whether their perforated nofes admit the pointed fifh-bone, or their ears are lengthened by wooden wedges, thefe happy females, unreftrain-

unreſtrained by our voluptuous ideas of decorum, practiſe this graceful agile art, which I hope ſoon to ſee the favourite accompliſhment of the Britiſh fair."

"It may do for Blacks, and Turks, and Heathens," exclaimed Eleanor, whoſe placidity was not proof againſt this laſt injunction; "but for young ladies in a Chriſtian country——"

An alarm of horror was inſtantly diffuſed over the philoſopher's countenance at theſe words. He ordered Eleanor immediately out of the room, and with a faltering accent he aſked Lady Fitz-John if ſhe really thought the old woman was a Chriſtian.

Her ladyſhip had been induced by her entire confidence in the elevation of Mr. Babble's views, and the liberality of his principles, to proſecute her morning ſtudies, while he initiated the obſequious Eleanor in the abſtruſe ſyſtem of the modern

modern philosophical education. She now laid down the "Efforts of Virtue" at a most interesting part, to ask the meaning of this inquiry. Perhaps, if the fascinating eloquence of that performance had not benumbed her faculties, she *might*, notwithstanding her love of metaphysics, have objected to some of Mr. Babble's plans, as tending to be dangerous; or her love of knowledge, and great philanthropy, might have made her request that the experiments should be first tried upon the gardener's children; and if they *survived* them, without *much* injury to their constitutions, the Fitz-Johns should be put in training.—But to return from this hypothetical digression.

Eleanor's manner of using the word Christian was repeated by Mr. Babble, who declared that he would have nothing to do with a nurse that was devoted to a gross superstition.

"Really,"

"Really," replied Lady Fitz-John, "I do think her a weak well-meaning creature; and I believe ſhe thinks Chriſtian only a cant word, and uſes it out of ignorance."

"Does ſhe go to church?"

"I am not poſitive."

"Did you ever diſcover her in the act of ſaying her prayers?"

"I will try to recollect. I know I have ſeen a Bible in her hands, but probably ſhe might not underſtand it. And really I make very little inquiry into theſe things in my family; for my time is exceſſively occupied, and Sunday is the only day that I have to write my cards, look over my wardrobe, or pay attention to my health. I never had a party on that day but once; and it made Sir Peter ſo croſs, that he affronted the genteeleſt part of the company. I believe he and the under-ſervants go to church, for I ſee nothing of them,

them, and never trouble myſelf to inquire."

"If ſhe ſhould attempt to pervert the minds of the children," continued Babble, pacing the room in great agitation.

"I really have a better opinion of her," reſumed her ladyſhip with great candour. "She is a harmleſs ſquare-elbowed drudge; and as ſhe knows that ſhe has no reſource but the work-houſe if I turn her away, ſhe will not dare to diſoblige me."

Eleanor, therefore, was permitted to fill her department; where, as I have obſerved, her prudence and tenderneſs preſerved the lives of both children amidſt no ordinary perils and difficulties. Satisfied with having explained the *theory*, even the zealous active Babble ſhrunk from the weariſome attentions that were requiſite to execute the *practical* part. Once a-day he ſtalked

into

into the nurſery; and, if he did not obſerve any thing contrary to his ſyſtem in the proceedings of the moment, he only ſtopped to enlighten Eleanor with a few freſh ſuggeſtions, and then ſtalked out again. To confeſs a mortifying truth, Mr. Babble had ſome motives very diſſimilar to pure philanthropy, which induced him to accept an eſtabliſhment in Sir Peter's family. Owing to that contempt for riches which always marks the conduct of a great genius, his finances were rather in an intricate predicament. Beſide, from ſome wrong concatenations, the effect of early bad diſcipline, his propenſities more reſembled man as perverted by the groſs habits of ſociety, than in the pure ſtate of virtuous *ſavagiſm*, or when regenerated by philoſophy. In plain Engliſh, he brandiſhed his knife and fork with great dexterity at Sir Peter's table, he never objected to a cheerful glaſs, even his

his drefs underwent fuch a change as proved that he was no longer devoted to abftraction and fimplicity. As to his amufements, though he reprobated the prefent tafte as perverfe and infane, he conceived *individual* abftinence would do little toward *general* reformation, and therefore wifely referved his felf-denial for a more enlightened æra. He found his confequence increafe by this liberal conduct; every body paid court to Mr. Babble, who, though only engaged as tutor to the children, did the honours of the table for Sir Peter, was cicifbeo in ordinary to her ladyfhip, and, in fine, went by the name of *factotum* in the family.

As to lady FitzJohn, fhe believed herfelf a pattern for all mothers. Her acquaintance complimented her on her clofe attention to her family, affured her that they heard the dear little creatures were prodigies, and were impatient for

for their *coming out.* Her ladyſhip gave implicit faith to theſe kind prognoſtics. She knew that one part of the account was abſolute fact. I mean her *cloſe* attention to her family; for ſhe ſpent two hours every day in the nurſery, and always preferred the time when ſhe was moſt likely to be called down to morning viſitors. The conſtant orders to the ſervants were to ſay, their lady was either in the lyceum or the gymnaſium, and would only come down to particular friends. 'Tis true her occupation during theſe two hours were rather literary than maternal; for, after a kiſs to each of the little ones, and a ſlight enquiry after their healths, ſhe threw herſelf upon the ſopha, and ſkimmed the eſſence of ſome choice morceau procured from the circulating library. If there were any good things in the compoſition, ſhe committed them to memory, to ſport after dinner; and if there were not, ſhe dropped aſleep.

As the little FitzJohns escaped being starved, drowned, burnt, or having their necks broke during the first seven years of their lives, Eleanor had cause to congratulate herself on the rare felicity of preserving philosophical children from any great calamity. I forbear to enlarge upon some trifling accidents, which were the inevitable consequences of Mr. Babble's liberal system; such as the destruction of an elegant gold repeater, which little Miss knocked to pieces with the poker, for having *ordered* her to go to bed. The annihilation of an elegant India cabinet, that Artremidorus, who had a mechanical turn, chopped to pieces, in order to make himself expert in the use of his set of carpenter's tools. These were traits of spirit and ingenuity, and argued dispositions infinitely transcending the value of the articles which they had demolished in exerting their *energies*. Beside, the destruction of the watch and cabinet furnished

niſhed mamma with two admirable ſtories; but her patience was ſeverely tried when the children, at their firſt beginning to feel the dawn of an inclination for the fine arts, thought proper to improve ſeveral of the family pictures, till they had entirely coated them with red ochre and lamp-black. The piece upon which the young artiſts exerciſed their taſte was no other than a repreſentation of Sir Walter FitzJohn's engagement with King Ragodrum Logdum; in which the knight, attired in the uniform of the horſe-guards, appeared in the very act of holding up the giant's head, while the falling trunk, dreſſed in the *coſtume* of Robinſon Cruſoe, ſpouted ſuch a profuſion of purple gore as covered all the fore-ground. The deſtruction of this veſtige of hereditary greatneſs was a deep affliction to lady FitzJohn; and, though many of the neighbours remembered the itinerant artiſt who painted

ed it by the foot, in conformity to her ladyſhip's own deſign, ſhe perſiſted in lamenting it as the moſt valuable heir-loom belonging to the family.

The memory of this misfortune was ſoon obliterated by more ſerious calamities. One ill-fated day, when the watchful Eleanor had been called out of the nurſery, Artremidorus reſolved to gratify his taſte for experimental philoſophy; and, having been inſtructed in the manner of making gunpowder by his tutor, he proceeded to mix ſome nitre and ſulphur which he had ſecreted for that purpoſe. There is no pleaſure in forming a compound without knowing that it is done right; and, though Eleanor had often cautioned him to take care of fire, he already underſtood that he was a free independent being, and that ſhe had no right to controul him. Artremidorus, therefore, approached the mixture with a red-hot poker; and found

found his gunpowder *fatally* potent. The explofion broke the windows, the room was filled with fmoke, and the daring little chemift wrapped in flames. Eleanor returned in time to fave his life; but his face was fo much fcorched that it remained ever after disfigured.

To have reproved the fufferer while writhing from the agony incident to this misfortune, would have been cruel; but few people, except philofophers, would have commended his fpirited undertaking. "You acted perfectly right," faid Mr. Babble to his pupil while the furgeon was applying his emollients, and the boy continued to fhriek with pain. "I am aftonifhed at your lamentations. You have only exerted your indefeafible right to inquire into the myfteries of nature; and I am convinced that the affociations which this incident infpires will lead you to become the firft chemift of the age."

 "I don't

"I don't quite underſtand you, ſir," ſaid Sir Peter in an angry tone; "but if thought you *encouraged* the boy to play theſe dangerous tricks, you ſhould have no other opportunity of blowing my houſe up with gunpowder."

"The fault," ſaid Mr. Babble with great ſolemnity, "reſts in that ignorant beldam, who, by forbidding the boy to go near the fire, taught him diſobedience, and inculcated that vehement wiſh which originates in oppoſition. Had ſhe but permitted him to have burnt his fingers, as I enjoined her, the habit of caution would have been experimentally acquired, and all ſerious conſequences prevented."

Sophiſtry is generally ſucceſsful, when employed againſt a plain underſtanding, under the influence of ſome ſtrong emotion. Mr. Babble had ſo confounded the names and natures of vice and virtue in his common converſation, and had uttered ſuch charming ſentiments in

praiſe

praiſe of the latter, that Sir Peter, who paſſed moſt of his time in his counting-houſe, had really imbibed the opinion that his ſon's tutor was a very good ſort of a man. Beſide, I am compelled to obſerve, that his own chains were now ſo firmly rivetted, that any oppoſition to his lady's will only ended in increaſed ſubjection. He, therefore, ſuffered his wife to direct the reſentment which he thought it his duty to feel, and poor old Eleanor was the victim on which lady FizJohn ordained it ſhould fall. That faithful ſervant was diſmiſſed with opprobrium, but not to periſh in a work-houſe, as her lady predicted. Sir Peter's reſentment ſoon gave way, and he privately granted her a comfortable annuity; but her heart was broken by this unmerited diſgrace, and ſhe only lived to receive the firſt quarter's allowance.

Let me now haſten to relate the incident which terminated Mr. Babble's em-

pire. The fertile genius and undaunted ſpirit of young FitzJohn, rendered him an admirable ſubject for a philoſophical education. His mamma was perſuaded that the ſcars in his face gave *ſignificance* to his countenance, and all his tutor's enunciations of genius were hailed as certain prognoſtics. The barbarity of confining children within certain limits, and the injuſtice of reſtraining their deſires, were favourite topics with Mr. Babble. Stimulated by the encouraging aſſurance that we are all equal and free, and that exertion increaſes energy, Artremidorus and his ſiſter ſet out together to explore adventures through the narrow crowded ſtreets of W——. In juſtice to the preceptor I muſt acknowledge, that he had planned an admirable drama * of " hair-breadth 'ſcapes," to teach his

* This incident is adopted from Rouſſeau's Emilius.

pupils,

pupils, what an ordinary inſtructor would have thought it ſufficient to have forewarned them of, namely, that the undertaking was full of danger. But one of the chief performers failing in his part, the farce, which was only deſigned to pervert the morals of the children, was altered into a tragedy, founded on perſonal ſuffering. Two hours after the young adventurers had ſallied forth, the boy was brought home apparently lifeleſs, from, having been run over by a dray. The girl could not be found, having been ſeduced from her brother by one of thoſe miſcreants who, in many populous towns make a trade of ſtealing and plundering unprotected children.

Lady FitzJohn was by no means deſtitute of natural affection, and her diſtreſs at this dreadful cataſtrophe was truly pitiable. It was, however, conſiderably augmented by her ruling foibles, and her mortified vanity dreaded the

ſarcaſm, that her philoſophical ſyſtem would end in producing cripples and gypſies. A fever and delirium enſued, and, during this unavoidable interregnum of lawful authority, Sir Peter aſſumed the command. The firſt act of his reign was, the diſmiſſal of Mr. Babble, with more expreſſions of obloquy and reſentment than I chooſe to repeat, but not with more than his folly and wickedneſs juſtly merited.

CHAP. IV.

The Pictures finished in a different Style, by another Hand.

THE promife of a large reward foon brought tidings of Melifandriania. She was found, almoft naked, and nearly exhaufted, by the fide of a canal, where probably her exiftence would have been terminated by the cruel woman into whofe hands fhe had fallen, had not the favage been interrupted in her defign by the voices of fome boat-men, who were towing up a barge. The terrified child, who now fuppofed that every ftranger fhe faw was a robber or murderer, the moment fhe was at liberty, inftead of calling for affiftance, hid herfelf among fome

ſome caſks on the adjacent wharf, where ſhe was found in a wretched ſtate next morning, and reſtored to her parents.

Nor was the ſituation of Artremidorus ſo hopeleſs as was at firſt ſuppoſed. The injury on his head gave the ſurgeon moſt alarm; and he predicted that it might probably occaſion a degree of eccentricity, and render him unfit for cloſe application. The bones of his left leg were indeed ſo macerated, that even if amputation did not become neceſſary, the ligatures were injured, and the knee joint muſt remain ſtiff. His other hurts were not material.

Lady FitzJohn recovered ſlowly. If the ſight of her daughter proved a cordial, the ſituation of her ſon was deſtructive to her wiſhes, which, it will be remembered, centered in his having the look and air of a gentleman. She was reconciled to the idea of his being plain, becauſe

becaufe fhe had feen inftances of fuch a phyfiognomy as was almoft hideous pronounced very *ton*. Gentlemen might be eccentric too; they generally were: and, provided their extravagance had a good air, the odder their manners fo much the more genteel. But, as far as her obfervations extended, a man of fafhion muft have a good perfon, and a hop was alike deftructive to grace, eafe, and agility.

The lamentable adventures which I have recited had, however, two good confequences. They drew Sir Peter a little out of the back-ground, and re-eftablifhed domeftic harmony. Her ladyfhip was one of the firft to commend Mr. Babble's difmiffion, obferving that he had totally counteracted her intentions. "He wanted to make geniuffes of my children," faid fhe; "but geniuffes are *low* people, and I wanted the FitzJohns to make a figure in the world."

In the ſelection of future inſtructors for her offspring, her ladyſhip determined to proceed upon the principle that the oppoſite of wrong muſt be right. Babble held, that as there is no ſex in our ſubtilized part, of courſe the education of boys and girls ſhould be conducted upon the ſame plan; that is to ſay, our nature would be improved if men became Jeſſamys, and women Amazons. Now, though Lady FitzJohn had ſome private reaſons for decrying any great ſhare of ſtability and deciſion in the male character, and though ſhe firmly believed that women ought to have a proper ſhare of ſpirit; yet, having had the happineſs to meet Lady Languiſh, the beauty of the year, at a public breakfaſt, and obſerving that ſoftneſs, ſuſceptibility, and an affectation of weakneſs almoſt to fragility, were the diſtinguiſhing traits of this reigning grace, the provident mother determined that her

daughter ſhould be exquiſitely feminine. For this purpoſe ſhe engaged Miſs La Rouge, to finiſh the young lady in the beſt ſtyle. This accompliſhed governeſs had once been a French milliner, then a kept miſtreſs, and had but lately turned her attention to the ſcience of education; but, as ſhe had ſeen a vaſt deal of the world, and mixed in a very conſpicuous circle, Lady FitzJohn conceived that ſhe would make Meliſandriania the *very thing* in her appearance. As to any danger of corrupting the girl's morals, the lady who recommended Miſs La Rouge had poſitively aſſerted that ſhe was quite a penitent. Beſide, ſhe obſerved, children were ſeldom influenced by the precepts of their inſtructors, who wanted more conſequence in the family to do either good or harm to their principles. If they made the girls have a good air, dreſs well, appear to advantage in company, and mind their leſſons, reaſonable

ſonable people would not expect any more.

Soon after Miſs La Rouge was eſtabliſhed in the family, Lady FitzJohn had an opportunity of doing another humane action, by patronizing Mr. Pliant, a young man of very good connexions, who had been expelled the univerſity for tranſgreſſing college rules. It was proved to her ladyſhip's ſatisfaction, that there really was no harm in the poor youth: for that he was remarkably good tempered; and, as to his principles, he really was ſo accommodating, that his moſt intimate friends did not know what they were. This amiable youth had been ruſticated for a little indolence, a little extravagance, a little intemperance, and a few other venial faults, more to the diſgrace of thoſe who inhumanly enforced old, auſtere injunctions, than his own; ſince he really had only fallen into "thoſe frailties which

which better the heart." His hopes of church preferment being thus cruelly blaſted, he propoſed going out as a tutor, in which capacity he would be found unexceptionable, being of a moſt tractable obliging diſpoſition, ready to do any thing, and never known to contradict his ſuperiors; and as to learning and diligence, why he was quite as well as other people in his way. So many good qualities inſured the introduction of Mr. Pliant into the FitzJohn family. Her ladyſhip had now a horror of a profeſſed ſcholar; ſhe trembled at the idea of her ſon being taught any thing; and all that ſhe wanted was a ſort of humble companion, who might talk, ride, ſhoot, fence, game, hunt, and amuſe the dear boy, make him happy, and keep him out of miſchief. Even Sir Peter, for whom I feel a degree of reſpect, was more than paſſive on this occaſion. He liſtened with viſible ſatisfaction to the deſcription of

of Mr. Pliant's perfections, and obferved, that it would be pleafant to live with a perfon who would never contradict him. He had, indeed, ftrongly objected to Mifs La Rouge's eftablifhment, having fome obfolete prejudices which made him think it impoffible that a loft female character could ever regain the pure luftre of innocence. In vain did his lady proteft againft fuch *narrow* notions, in vain did fhe declare, that they only could be faid to be virtuous from choice who have once been vicious; becaufe it is impoffible to decide juftly till you have tried the comparative enjoyments of each tafte. In vain did fhe expatiate on the magnanimity of thofe who, when going full fpeed down a fmooth declivity, ftop fhort, face about, and fcramble up the fharp rocks till they gain the very fummit of excellence. She added, that it was even unchriftian to fay that a woman "by *one* falfe ftep for ever damns

her

her fame." But Sir Peter interrupted her by obſerving, that a kept miſtreſs muſt have made *many* falſe ſteps, that it was often convenient, and always eaſy, to *affect* being a penitent, but really difficult to change the heart. As to the unchriſtian part of the buſineſs, he begged his wife would not talk of what ſhe did *not* underſtand. Sir Peter adhered to theſe ſentiments with ſo much of his old pertinacity, that, though he could not prevent Miſs La Rouge from being governeſs to his daughter, he never could bring himſelf to be more than coldly civil to a perſon whom he knew to be no better than ſhe ſhould be.

As it is eaſy to conceive how the buſineſs of education would proceed when it was conducted by a ſycophant and a courtezan, I will not be very minute in my deſcription. Artremidorus had been early taught that he was a free independent being; but the calamities into

into which that illuſion plunged him might have removed the illuſion, had not Mr. Pliant, by conſtantly inſinuating that he was a gentleman and a man of fortune, cheriſhed the ſame hateful principles of ſelf-willedneſs, inſolence, diſregard of parental authority, ingratitude, and contempt for others, though he gave them a different origin. He now heard profuſion called greatneſs of ſoul, and of courſe he became profuſe. He heard impertinence denominated proper ſpirit, and he became inſolent. The few ideas of religion which he had derived from old Eleanor were balanced by the recollection of ſome of Babble's atheiſtical tenets; Mr Pliant had neither inclination, ability, nor leiſure to touch upon ſuch topics; and Artremidorus was determined in favour of free thinking, only becauſe he believed it to be moſt faſhionable. His misfortunes would have rendered cloſe attention to any ſtudy

ſtudy improper; but there was no danger of his cultivating a literary taſte: Babble had told him, that knowledge could not be acquired by ſtudy; and, as to Pliant, like Swift's captain, he was "ſick at the ſight of a book." Young FitzJohn was therefore in no danger of correcting his failings by *acquired* wiſdom. His father, immerſed in the perplexities and toils of buſineſs, and compelled to act a ſubaltern part in his own family, did little to reſtrain his propenſities. His mother doated on him too much to know that he had a fault. Artremidorus, therefore, grew up a jeſt to his acquaintance, and a terror to his near connexions. His acquired vices rendered him hateful, where, notwithſtanding his natural infirmities, he would have been thought amiable if he had only *wiſhed* to pleaſe; and his perſonal defects made him ridiculous in that ſociety, where he ſtrove

to

to ſhine, and to which his vanity and ignorance made him believe the foibles of high life gave him a ſufficient paſſport, without attending to its manners, or copying its graces. Lady FitzJohn wiſhed to ſee her ſon the *man* of faſhion, but he became its ape; deſpiſed by thoſe whom he courted, and courted by thoſe whom he ought to have deſpiſed.

Her wiſhes with reſpect to her daughter were more ſucceſsful. She became a beautiful accompliſhed automaton, without a mind; verſed in the manners of the day, and ready to adopt any character to which the world affixed a tranſitory importance.

As much confuſion reſults from an improper or undefined uſe of terms, let me here define my meaning of the word *world*, leaſt I ſhould lead the acute geographer or perſpicuous philologiſt into the miſtaken idea that I am ſpeaking

of the whole viſible creation. The world means the little ſet to which we are united, either by the ties of reſpect and love, or by thoſe of fear and hatred. Thoſe whom we envy for their ſuperiority or admire for their goodneſs are to us the world. Explaining Miſs FitzJohn's ideas by this rule, her world conſiſted of about twenty people of faſhion, to whom ſhe had been introduced during her winter excurſion to London; and half that number of genteel families in the neighbourhood of W——, who ſometimes partook of her father's hoſpitality, having found it convenient to have a houſe to put up at whenever buſineſs called them to the town. But, leſt theſe latter ſhould be ſuſpected to be people whom nobody knows, on account of their viſiting a tradeſman, they took care to indemnify themſelves for their condeſcenſion, by holding up the plain *civil* citizen and his *fine* wife and family to

ridicule, till the FitzJohns became the ſtanding jeſt of the neighbourhood.

Such was Meliſandriania's world; ſhe alſo had her canaille, which conſiſted of the wives and daughters of her fellow-citizens. Since the mania of being *ſomebody* has become ſo univerſally prevalent, we are content with being only "wiſkies to waſkies" rather than remain quiet in the ſhade of oblivion. Now, as none but the FitzJohns had carriages decorated by the bloody hand or the coronet ſtop at their doors, the leſs *favoured* inhabitants of W—— found a great gratification in procuring anecdotes of gentility from the liberal Meliſandriania, who, notwithſtanding the contempt ſhe felt for her humble auditory, often found that the greateſt pleaſure of ſeeing a little of high life conſiſts in being able to talk of it to others.

It was these enviable distinctions, and the adventures to which they gave birth, that furnished the luxurious treat which I and my Danbury friends enjoyed at the conversazione I formerly described. The Earl of Glanville's figure, it may be remembered, stood prominent upon the canvass; and we had an abstract of his good qualities in the terms generous, social, attentive, hospitable, the best taste in the world, and quite a man of fashion. "This nobleman," said her ladyship, "is quite partial to *us*; and as for Melisandriania, if one were not to allow great latitude to the expressions of a courtier ——" The young lady here interrupted her mother, and, with a pretty blush, requested her to avoid that topic. "I do not," said she with great delicacy, "suppose that there is any meaning in his assiduities; beside, he is too old for me. Yet I own he is infinitely agreeable, and a man

man of *vaſt* good ſenſe and ſpirit. Pray, madam, has not he fought two duels? and I think I have heard that he loſt half his eſtate at faro the day he came of age." Her ladyſhip confirmed this ſtatement, and proceeded to give the company the earl's hiſtory; but, as this nobleman will make a conſpicuous figure in the enſuing pages, I conceive the narrative of his adventures had better come from myſelf; for, with all my reſpect for Lady FitzJohn's talents, I muſt own we differ in one particular. I am fond of ſpeaking of men and things as they *really* are, whereas ſhe had a ſtrong predilection for wonders. She always ſpoke in ſuperlatives; and whether her acquaintance were put into her black book, or her red one, from the moment of her knowing them they became outré, and loſt to all hope of being conſidered as common characters. Not only was Artremidorus the moſt com-

complete gentleman, Melifandriania the fweeteft creature, Sir Peter the moft incorrigible boor, and trade the vulgareft thing in nature; but Mrs. Dizen's pretenfions to tafte, Mrs. Treatwell's liberality, Mifs Simper's good-nature, and Mr. Overdo's politenefs, were all feen through magnifying optics. If they played fecond fiddle dexteroufly, they became fuch faultlefs monfters as the world never faw; but if they prefumed to vie with the FitzJohn's, or to pafs them without due homage, even Nero himfelf had not fo black a heart.

I have fuch a general antipathy to every thing extraordinary, that I conftantly draw the teeth and pare the claws of all the lions I can catch, with a view of reducing them to the common clafs of domeftic animals; and as I do not think that I am particularly invidious, I will remind thofe who are fond of keeping a managerie, that it feldom

turns to a good account. Exhibitions weary the attention, human nature revolts from the frequent reprefentation of *decided* fuperiority; and if you will afcribe to your friends a little more eclat than they can juftly pretend to in order to gratify your own *vanity*, be fo merciful to their reputation as to throw in fomething of a failing, in order to prevent the fharp fcrutiny of awakened curiofity. I do affure the world, that I am fo convinced of the neceffity of this circumfpection, that at the very commencement of my literary career, I gave hints of my love of fnuff, and attachment to cats. I have fince almoft acknowledged that I am afraid of Betty; and, fhould the world continue its liberal patronage to my lucubrations, I fhall deem it prudent to hint that I have feveral more oddities, befides a fmall obliquity of vifion, and a trifling irregularity in my fhape. Or, by warmly contend-

ing

ing that a genius has a right to wear her cap awry, and to have her gown unpinned, I may preſerve my *publications* from cenſure; as many people will permit them to be *tolerable*, if they are but aſſured that when I wrote them I ought to have been dearning the holes in my ſtockings.

To return to Lady FitzJohn. Actuated by the ſame motive which prevents me from detailing her account of Lord Glanville, I chooſe to bring forward ſome anecdotes of herſelf, with which ſhe did *not* favour us. I have already deſcribed Sir Peter as a *warm man;* but the wealth which is ample when only applied to the wants of a frugal batchelor, is too ſcanty to feed the copious fountain of domeſtic extravagance, eſpecially when the wife and children are alike infected by the diſeaſe of becoming people of conſequence. In vain did Sir Peter enlarge his connexions,

and with unremitting affiduity poft his legers, and balance his accounts. His receipts were continually exceeded by his payments, and, in winding up, profit and lofs ftood on the wrong fide every year. His capital diminifhed, his debts increafed; and, as the punctuality of his payments relaxed, he faw his rivals in trade ftep before him, not only in the cheapnefs, but in the intrinfic worth of their commodities, while his clerks, for want of employment, fpent their mornings in reading novels, and their evenings in gallanting milliners' apprentices.

Among the pleafures of the married ftate, that of always having a faithful confidant at hand to whom one may unbofom one's diftreffes is very properly enumerated. Sir Peter at the commencement of his embarraffments availed himfelf of this bleffing; and if the prime qualities of a confidant are fecrecy,

crecy, and a defire to revive extinguifhed hope, Lady FitzJohn poffeffed them in full perfection; for fhe never dropped the leaft hint of her hufband's fituation, even to her children, and fhe conftantly affured him that his fears were abfurd. To complete her kindnefs, fhe alfo endeavoured to point out a method by which thefe *ideal* troubles might be banifhed from his own mind. "The returns of bufinefs," faid fhe, "when carried on in your dreaming, punctual way, are feldom equal to the fupport of a family in thefe expenfive times. Why don't you fpeculate a little, my love? all the world fpeculates now; and the fhameful prices of bread and meat, which make us all fo poor, are entirely owing to fpeculation and monopoly. There is a combination to buy up all the corn and cattle; fo do you buy up all the nails and flat-irons in England; and then you may fell them

at your own price. Or cannot you ſport a ſcheme of your own? Any thing will do, a balloon manufactory; or a ſubterraneous navigation; *that* is juſt coming into faſhion, and is likely to prove a rich mine to a man of genius. If the ſubſcribers ſhould be troubleſome, give then now and then a new plan, and you may keep them quiet for years; or elſe tire out their patience. Or cannot you burn down the warehouſes and gain a trifle from the inſurance office? Really Sir Peter you ſeem quite deſtitute of expedients."

During this ſpeech the good man was rather employed in wiſhing himſelf old batchelor Jones again, than in digeſting his lady's hints. His attention was rouſed by this laſt ſuggeſtion, and, with as much warmth as he durſt aſſume, he aſked her if ſhe took him for a villain.

"A villain! oh dear no. Do you think I would have married you if I had not

not had the higheſt opinion of your honour. Really, my love, you quite frighten me, and I cannot think what makes you ſo croſs to-day. Let me help you to another glaſs of wine. I am ſure you are low-ſpirited. Why, theſe ſort of things are done every day, Sir Peter, and people go into very good company afterwards. But if you are ſo ſcrupulous, only let me conjure you to hold up your head as long as you can; and if a *craſh* muſt come, the heavier it is the better. It really would break my heart to ſteal into the Gazette, like Jenkins the chandler, and to have nobody care about our misfortunes. But to have it rumoured about a month before, that the mercantile world would receive a ſevere ſhock, then, when every body was thinking whence it would come, to have it announced in an evening paper, "An expreſs is juſt arrived from W——, ſtating that the great

commercial houſe of FitzJohn has ſtopped payment. We ſcarcely ever remember ſo many long faces as the Change will exhibit to-day. The failure is eſtimated at half a million. The furniture of the villa ——" I know not how far the inventive powers of Lady FitzJohn might have extended her imaginary quotation, if a groan from Sir Peter had not checked her eloquence juſt as ſhe was going to deſcribe ſtate beds, Venetian glaſſes, and gilt plate. She now directed her attention to her huſband in the following, ſtrain of conſolatory tenderneſs: "Do drink your Madeira, Sir Peter, and don't ruin your family by being *cow-hearted.* I am ſure the children will make their way in the world, if you dont interfere, and blaſt all the effects of their education. Only laſt night you harped upon your old ſtring, of curtailing expences, till you made Artremidorus

dorus look grave, and Melifandriania ready to cry. Only think of fpoiling her beautiful eyes juft at the time when Lord Glanville is going to fall in love with her. The girl would marry well, depend upon it. I know fhe is juft the creature that a man of fafhion would like. So accomplifhed, fo delicate: and as to the boy, he is almoft fure Sir Brouze Harpy will buy him a borough; and if he once gets into parliament the minifter will give him a place; and I hope you will allow that he will then make his fortune. I proteft, when my children are eftablifhed in life, I fhall not care what becomes of myfelf. I was born in a cottage, and there I fpent my happieft hours, and I will retire upon my jointure and die in one. Yes, Sir Peter, ungrateful man that you are (here the fair orator drew out her handkerchief), your ftrange humours often force me to regret the happy fimplicity, the

the ſprightly elegance of my dear father's manſion. He, poor, dear man, loved to ſee me happy."

Sir Peter, like his name-ſake in the School for Scandal, could have told ſome tales of this manſion ſtill leſs elegant than that of the groom and the coach-horſe; but being a greater lover of domeſtic quiet, he perſevered in that taciturnity which experience had told him was the wiſeſt method, whenever his lady was in an *inventive* humour. At the cloſe of her harangue he acceded to the juſtneſs of her remarks, with reſpect to the future greatneſs of his children; but gently hinted, that it would be adviſeable to manage the family expences with as much frugality as regard to appearances would allow; leſt, from want of precaution, the *craſh* ſhould come before their eſtabliſhment was complete. Her ladyſhip admitted the propriety of this ſuggeſtion, and began to œconomiſe

imme-

immediately. That is to ſay, ſhe ordered the houſe-keeper to lock up the ſmall beer, and to curtail the allowance of kitchen candles. She gave her undreſs muſlins to Betty, and bought a ſet of dark callicoes to ſave waſhing. She ſold her ſilver ſalvers to purchaſe glaſs ornaments, and refitted her apartments in the plain cottage way. Proſecuting this *prudent* deſign, ſhe determined to pay a viſit to her couſin Inkle, inſtead of making an excurſion while her houſe was undergoing thoſe operations of painting, white-waſhing, &c. which her determination to be *very careful* of her expences rendered neceſſary. She conſidered that the Inkles would be highly gratified by her company, and would certainly give her credit for her cottage furniture, eſpecially if ſhe hinted that perhaps Sir Peter might be piqued if they drew upon him at a time of the year when his remittances were alwa ys moſt confined.

Beſide theſe motives, the diſtance between Danbury and W—— allowed her to hurry back the moment Lord Glanville returned to his caſtle; and ſhe felt that ſhe might leave people at a moment's warning whom ſhe would never have viſited from any other motive than convenience.

CHAP. V.

Fresh Characters. A great Deal of very high Company. A complete fine Gentleman of the old School, with a Portrait of exploded Manners, and an Apparition.

Though the love of novelty, when combined with a pernicious contempt for established usages, and as pernicious a rage for rash expedients, has produced most dreadful effects, not only in the great republic of Europe, but in the habits of private life; yet, like most of our natural desires, if restrained within proper bounds, and directed to suitable objects, it may be lawfully indulged.

For

For inſtance, propriety may ſuggeſt the want of a new garment, accommodation may hint the expediency of following a new faſhion, or laſſitude may indicate the utility of a change of occupation; in all theſe inſtances variety is lawful as well as charming. But let us not be craving for a new religion, a new government, a new ſyſtem of morals, or a new code of law. Some of thoſe things are in their nature *invariable*, and others are enhanced in value by that antiquity which has recorded their wiſdom and utility. Nor may the love of novelty extend to the deſire of a new huſband, or a new wife, while the old one remains to remind us of the permanence of a tie which was contracted for the term of our joint exiſtence. Inſtead of indulging factitious deſires, and faſtidious diſlikes, let us ſteadily examine the *real* value of what we poſſeſs; remembering, that nothing human can be perfect, that the

the failings which we are long accuſtomed to are become ſo familiar to our habits, that they may be borne; and the virtues which we have long proved are rendered ſo neceſſary to our comforts, that we cannot be deprived of them without experiencing a painful void. I might have extended theſe obſervations to old friends, old ſervants, and old cuſtoms, had I not recollected that the beginning of the chapter encouraged my readers to hope for a little novelty, and therefore my habitual proſing muſt ſeem unuſually unſeaſonable.

As the FitzJohns left Danbury the moment that certain intelligence arrived that the Earl and Lady Caroline were returned into the country, it is time my readers ſhould be introduced to that nobleman. Inſtead of repeating the numerous civilities that paſſed between the Inkles and their illuſtrious friends, I I ſhall ſeat the latter quietly in their travelling

velling coach, and ſend them poſt to W——. I ſhall alſo leave Mrs. Inkle determined to return her couſin's viſit; and her huſband hoping that Miſs would ſoon become Lady Glanville, being convinced, from her not caring about money, that ſhe would encourage trade as ladies of faſhion ought.

The probability of the fair Meliſandriania's becoming a Counteſs muſt depend upon the portrait of her latent adorer. The graceful figure of the Earl of Glanville, gently bending under the withering hand of time, excited an intereſt in even a ſuperficial beholder; which was increaſed by perceiving that his countenance was furrowed by care, and deeply tinged with a "green and yellow melancholy." His manners at times confirmed this prepoſſeſſion; they were occaſionally correct, conciliating and equally expreſſive of the courtier and the man of ſenſe. His ſtyle of living was adapted

adapted to attract popularity; his doors were open to every gueſt who could produce the ſlighteſt introduction; his table was ſpread with elegant profuſion; and the amuſements that Glanville caſtle afforded were varied with taſte. The world is not ſo faſtidious as to reject the ſolicitations of one who can urge ſo many claims to its favour; every body of courſe viſited Lord Glanville; and every body pleaded the ſame humane motive, namely, that it was charity to try to amuſe ſuch an amiable nobleman.

The attempt, however, was by no means generally ſucceſsful. The air of hilarity that diffuſed itſelf over the features of the liberal hoſt, when twenty tongues were ſounding forth his praiſe, was apt to be ſuddenly overcaſt, and he who but a moment before glided round the circle of admiring friends, with ſomething pleaſant to ſay to every body, would become loſt and abſtracted, fixed in

in a gloomy reverie, which even the ſyren ſong of flattery could not diſturb.

Various opinions were formed in the neighbourhood reſpecting the cauſe of this extraordinary behaviour. Many believed that he was a moſt profound ſcholar; and, from the circumſtance of his once naming Euclid, he was ſuſpected of injuring his mind by too cloſe attention to mathematics. Others, perſuaded that his diſeaſe was the *cacoethes ſcribendi*, expected his lordſhip would ſpeedily publiſh, and prepared a place in their libraries for an elegantly bound copy of his treatiſe on politics, metaphyſics, rural œconomy, or any other *genteel* ſcience. Others aſcribed his want of recollection to too keen an attachment to the memory of his late Counteſs; while many thought that he was not quite ſatiſfied with the ſarcaſtic wit and exuberant gaiety of his daughter Lady Caroline. Such were the various ſentiments of the viſitors

viſitors at Caſtle Glanville. The deciſion of the FitzJohns, or rather of the Lady wife, was unique; for ſhe determined that he muſt be love.

"Don't you ſee," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to her cara ſpoſa, "that the poor earl is downright miſerable? and what can be the cauſe? A fine houſe, affluent fortune, high rank, extenſive connexions, no comfort wanting except a wife. I wiſh, Sir Peter, you would attend to what I ſay, and leave off your odious habit of diſregarding my obſervations."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, I was thinking of that draft being returned, and ſeveral other aukward things. Pray what was you talking about?"

"Why Lord Glanville, to be ſure; and I ſay he will not get rid of his melancholy till he is married."

"I don't think marrying likely to cure him of melancholy," ſaid Sir Peter with a profound ſigh.

"Why not?"

"Becaufe wives often make their hufbands very miferable."

"O fye, papa!" exclaimed Melifandriania. "I am fure you have no right to fay fo. Only think how *dull* our houfe would be without mamma. I am fure I could not bear to live in it."

"True, my love, but your father is in one thing a philofopher; he is void of gratitude. But I fuppofe Sir Peter, even your phlegmatic habits will be roufed when I tell you Melifandriania will foon be a Countefs."

"Oh mamma!" and "what d'ye fay my lady?" re-echoed from each of her ladyfhip's auditors. "I fay," continued fhe, "that his lordfhip muft mean fomething. Such looks, fuch attentions, fuch deep-drawn fighs. I wonder they did not ftrike you, Sir Peter."

"It is a great many years fince I was in love," returned the knight with a fympathetic groan.

"It will be to no purpofe for him to be in love with me," obferved Melifandriania. "I hope, mamma, you would not think of my marrying a man who is old enough to be my grand-papa. Not that I fhould be willing to give him a flat refufal; and really I do hope that it is not me that makes him unhappy."

In juftice to this humane wifh, I will inform my readers that Lord Glanville's dejection was deeply rooted in his foul long before the above bright affemblage of beauties irradiated his caftle. Nay it is poffible, fo thick was the mift in which melancholy had involved his foul, that even this fair prototype of the Grecian Venus might have retired unfeen, if Lady Caroline had not with more malice than prudence called his attention to a *bourgeois fillette*, who was really pretty in fpite of affectation and vulgarity. His lordfhip turned, gazed, and nodded to his daughter. If he *was* fmitten, it

 was

was at *that* moment; and Lady FitzJohn truly obferved that he certainly loſt two rubbers and was gammoned that very evening.

The conclufions of thofe who traced the earl's malady to affliction for his wife's death were not founded on more *certain* premifes. Though on their marriage they had been pronounced a charming couple, juſt fuited to each other, a few circumſtances afterwards tranſpired which made the world fufpect that the hymeneal torch caſt at firſt but a pallid luſtre, and was foon quite extinguiſhed. To own the truth, Lord and Lady Glanville foon difcovered that their tempers, habits, and inclinations were totally diſſimilar. Being both remarkably well bred, they mutually agreed to give each other as little trouble as poſſible; and, being very prudent, they judged it expedient to carry a good appearance to the world. During the winter feafon, this

this amiable pair conſtantly met at dinner, and by affectionate looks and civil ſpeeches convinced their gueſts (if they were very polite, or very ignorant of high life) that they were actually a ſecond Admetus and Alceſte. His lordſhip was in agonies leſt the fatigues of London ſhould overpower her ladyſhip's delicate health; and ſhe lamented, that his favourite regular habits were extremely ill ſuited to late hours. The earl talked of giving up the poſt which he then held, becauſe it deprived him of the little that he could elſe have enjoyed of Lady Glanville's company; and the counteſs never accepted an invitation till ſhe had aſked her lord if there was any chance of their having a domeſtic evening. He praiſed her natural love of retirement, ſhe was in ecſtaſies with his connubial affection; and they continued to repeat each other's eulogies, till the company diſperſed, and the farce ended. His

lordſhip then ordered his chair, her ladyſhip her vis-a-vis, and they met again next day, ten minutes before dinner, in the drawing-room, to regret that they had been forced to ſpend the preceding evening in *ſeparate* parties.

It was matter of wonder, that this happy pair never enjoyed the calm delights of rural happineſs together during the *ſummer* ſeaſon, eſpecially as purling ſtreams and ſhady groves are the favourite abodes of tenderneſs and love; but there is always ſome unlucky circumſtance to prevent people from reaching the ſummit of felicity.

Lady Glanville, at her villa near town, entertained her viſitors with complaints that her weak frame would not allow her to accompany her lord to his paternal manſion, of which he had ſent her the moſt enchanting deſcriptions; while at the ſame time he proteſted, that nothing but a conſciouſneſs of the duty he

he owed to his affectionate yeomanry and friendly neighbours could prevail upon him to relinquiſh the ſociety which he moſt enjoyed. And his lordſhip while he warmed his old family ſeat, and bade the wilds of Cumberland re-echo with feſtivity, always ſaid that he wanted nothing but Lady Glanville to make him quite happy.

Hypocriſy is termed the tribute that vice pays to virtue. It is, indeed, an acknowledgement of ſuperiority; and, though I deteſt deceit, I cannot think that manners are improved by the ſinner's not only proclaiming his crimes with unbluſhing effrontery, but even with inverted ambition aſpiring to more infamy than he is juſtly heir to. Reputation was the idol that Lord Glanville worſhipped; he wiſhed to be conſidered as the firſt man of the age; but he was educated in that old ſchool of manners which deprived the jockey, the brute,

the boor, and the buffoon, of all hopes of attaining that enviable diſtinction. He had been taught, that if the morals of the man did not at leaſt ſeem to regard decorum, an indelible ſhade would be thrown over his public character. He was, indeed, well aſſured that his lady's attachment to Major Mitford, to whom ſhe had been formerly engaged, continued in full force; nay, that he viſited her at her villa, doubtleſs to join in her regrets for her huſband's abſence. But his lordſhip certainly never reached the ſummit of connubial liberality; for he did not profeſs friendſhip to the man whom he ſuſpected of ſupplanting him in the affections of his wedded partner. I am perſuaded that he never drove the major in his phaeton; and, though they both ranked high in the beau monde, they were never ſeen arm in arm in Bond-ſtreet, nor lounging together at a fruiterer's. I queſtion if the moſt ſpirited woman

woman of high ton would have *dared*, even for a frolic, to have complimented the Glanvilles by inviting the major to meet them. Nay, I have been informed by unqueſtionable authority, that the counteſs had never courage enough to be ſeen in public with her ſuppoſed gallant. I think it my duty to be very explicit in ſtating theſe circumſtances, as I am aware that the revolution which has taken place in vice within theſe laſt twenty years muſt make ſuch of my young readers as are hackneyed in modern manners think that I ſketch the portrait of a *civil* huſband with very faint colours. They have heard of men who have gloried in the criminality of their conſorts; of gentlemen who trade in adultery, and ſeek to repair a falling fortune with the ſpoils of female reputation; of concerted crimes, of convenient crim-cons, of uſeful abſences, and all the diabolical et-ceteras that form the

dreadful traffic of conjugal infidelity. But I muſt inform them, that before philoſophiſm and infidelity ſyſtematized depravity, confounded names and natures, and termed criminal indulgences fulfilling the grand laws of our exiſtence, guilt was contented with *impunity*, and did not aſk for *fame*. The willing wittol did not then creep from his den of infamy, and bid juſtice tremble on its awful bench while he demanded a *reward* for being the moſt *contemptible* of mankind.

Two letters that paſſed between Lord and Lady Glanville may explain the manners of the times of which I am treating. They were, indeed, far diſtant from moral, and ſtill farther from Chriſtian rectitude; but ſtill they have ſomething to boaſt of when compared with the open licentiouſneſs of the preſent day.

"To

"*To the Countess of* GLANVILLE.

"Madam,

"When you recollect the circumstances that attended our marriage, I am convinced you will acknowledge the candour and lenity which dictates my present application. I have been informed, that Major Mitford has been seen to visit you at Richmond during my absence. The severity of my answer to the person who gave me this intelligence will preserve *me* in future from the busy impertinence of officious friendship; but *your* tranquillity must depend upon your own discretion.

"I am well aware that your ladyship has never permitted me to dispute my rival's claim to your affections. When, in the presence of your father, you declared that Mitford was your *first*, and

ſhould be your *only* love, I determined to ſave myſelf from the mortification of *rejected* tenderneſs. I never hoped for your heart, madam; I formed no romantic viſions of hymeneal happineſs. I have behaved like a reſpectful polite huſband, and my remembrance ſigns my full acquittal.

"I have never been ſo extravagant as to expect you to conform to my ideas of happineſs, nor to ſtudy my temper. In theſe reſpects, by mutual agreement, the chains of wedlock have ſat eaſy on us both. But remember, Lady Glanville, there is a jewel in your keeping which is dearer to me than life: a jewel which if you loſe I ſhall be impowered to take *legal public juſtice*. Painful as ſuch a proceeding would be to my feelings; obſerve, madam, your reputation muſt not be contaminated by the breath of ſlander, on pain of your being caſt off an alien to my name.

In

In this reſpect we muſt be one. Take care that your imprudence does not reach a height that I *muſt* notice, and beware of ſtaining the unſullied honour of

GLANVILLE."

"*To the Earl of* GLANVILLE.

"My lord,

"It is ſo impoſſible for me to forget the circumſtances which attended our marriage, that I am concerned your lordſhip ſhould waſte your valuable time in recalling them to my remembrance.

"Equally ſuperfluous is your ſolicitude to exculpate yourſelf from the cenſure of endeavouring to gain my affections. You might have truſted to my honour, to my juſtice I ſhould ſay, to clear you in that point. Your delicacy taught you the impropriety of wiſhing to reclaim my heart from the man to whom I de-

I devoted it, nor have you in one inſtance ſwerved from this punctilio. We ſo perfectly underſtand each other, that I wonder your lordſhip ſhould take the trouble of writing to me in *your own* hand: but perhaps Jervais is ignorant that Major Mitford *often* comes to Richmond; if ſo, I truſt you have taken proper precautions to prevent him from opening this letter.

"I am convinced that it would be very painful to your lordſhip to have our hiſtory diſcuſſed in a court of juſtice. The tale of Miſs Aubrey would make a bad epiſode; and the unſullied honour of a Britiſh peer might be contaminated by a trial for bigamy. Reſt aſſured, my lord, that my indiſcretion ſhall not bring on ſuch an éclairciſſement. I have reaſons for wiſhing to be conſidered as your wife, but no motive to forget that I am *only* the injured

CAROLINE LEWSON."

Lady

Lady Townly obſerves, that in compoſing the true matrimonial ſherbet ſhe and her lord were apt to ſqueeze in a little too much acid. The above letters would ſcarcely be thought to want *pungency*; yet, to prove the ſuperior command of temper which characterized this very high-bred couple, Lady Glanville ſaw maſks the very evening ſhe received her letter from his lordſhip: but ſhe conducted herſelf with ſuch gaiety and eaſe, that the Savoir-vivre club poſitively declared Glanville was the luckieſt dog in England to poſſeſs ſuch a divine creature. Her reply reached his lordſhip in Cumberland, juſt as he was entertaining the free and independent electors of ——. And here I muſt exult in one example of the ſuperior placidity of *my* ſex. I have it from good authority, that he trembled as he broke the ſeal, and that a livid paleneſs ſpread itſelf over his face while he

he muttered ſomething very like a curſe on peruſing it. This dereliction from good breeding, however, was but mo-mentary; he filled a bumper, gave Lady Glanville's health, and the toaſt was re-echoed by an hundred voices. The next day the valet addreſſed his lady, in ſix moſt affectionate lines dic-tated by his maſter, to thank her for her moſt welcome letter; his lordſhip ſigned it, and her ladyſhip's woman wrote as *kind* an anſwer by return of poſt, which Lady Glanville alſo authenticated with her own ſignature. The correſpond-ence, thus renewed, continued on the ſame footing till the health of the coun-teſs, which had been for ſome years de-clining, compelled her to tear herſelf from her dear lord, and to try the warm baths of Montpellier. The earl, to his infinite regret, was neceſſitated to let the duties of the patriot triumph over the feelings of the man. A queſtion of great

great importance was expected to be decided in the courfe of the feffion; and, as the love of his country was his ruling paffion, he entrufted what was dearer to him than life to the care of Jervais, on whofe judgment and attention he had indeed caufe to rely. Lady Glanville reached the place of her deftination, and there fell a victim to a difeafe which no falubrious waters, nor health-reftoring drug can relieve: The gnawing worm of difcontent had lacerated her bofom with a mortal wound, and fhe added one more to the numerous victims of error, paffion, and folly.

The reader may be affured that Lord Glanville conducted himfelf with great propriety on this fad occafion. The corpfe was brought back to England, the funeral was conducted in the beft ftyle, his lordfhip was very correct in the time of his feclufion, and returned to the world with flow and meafured fteps.

ſteps. But, though the ſombrous air of melancholy never after left his face, people who knew him well were not inclined to place it to the account of fond regret. At firſt it was obſerved, that it is as eaſy to affect ſorrow as happineſs; and that it is very improbable, that a man ſhould grieve for the death of a wife whoſe life had been embittered by his neglect. It was even predicted, that the form of woe would be thrown aſide with the "inky cloak," and that ſome young blooming Lady Glanville would change ſober-ſuited melancholy into "mirth tripping on the light fantaſtic toe." Though ſimilar events have happened often enough to juſtify ſuch auguries, twelve years elapſed between the death of the counteſs and the earl's arrival at Glanville-caſtle, without his making another viſit to the hymeneal altar.

Weary with ſuggeſting reaſons for his lordſhip's continued dejection, conjecture had long ſince acquieſced in the ſuppoſition that his treatment of his former lady hung heavy upon his conſcience. This opinion was confirmed by his never more viſiting his ſeat in Cumberland, though the aſhes of his deareſt wife repoſed there in a ſtately mauſoleum erected in honour of her unparalleled worth, and to perpetuate the memory of her virtues and his regret.

I cannot help adding an anecdote that gave celebrity to this tribute of conjugal eſteem. The building was ſcarcely finiſhed before the neighbours furniſhed it with an incorporeal inhabitant. A tall white figure was frequently ſeen, either bending over the ſepulchre, or walking at ſome little diſtance. Sometimes beckoning ſomebody from the houſe, at other times wringing the hands as if overwhelmed with the deepeſt anguiſh.

Though not one of all thofe who witneffed this extraordinary apparition had ever feen the late countefs, or poffeffed fufficient fortitude to contemplate the features of the ghoft, it was received as a certain fact in the neighbourhood, that it was no other than the buried Lady Glanville, who revifited thus the glimpfes of the moon, making night "hideous." The alarm became general; at length the curate, who had protefted that he would only be convinced by ocular demonftration, met the fpectre as he returned from eating lamb's wool and cracknels with the houfekeeper on Allhallowtide eve. On his bravely inquiring what it was, he was anfwered in a voice rather rough than hollow, "I am the ghoft of Lady Glanville." Now though a tête-à-tête with the apparition of a woman of quality is really a novelty, perhaps even few fine gentlemen would have philofophy enough to

wiſh for it when they were juſt entering on a dreary moor, in a cold moonlight night, remote from all intercourſe with human beings. His reverence, therefore, without wiſhing her ladyſhip good-night, made good his retreat with all poſſible expedition. After ruminating on this ſtrange occurrence, he thought that the wiſeſt method would be to communicate the particulars to Lord Glanville, who, ſince he ſo deeply regretted his wife's death, would doubtleſs rejoice in an opportunity of having a little more of her company.

I am ſorry to ſay that the event did not anſwer the curate's expectations; for though he took care to have his own teſtimony confirmed by that of numerous witneſſes, the earl was not only incredulous, but extremely indignant at the information; and he was ſo far from rewarding the friend who wiſhed to procure him ſuch an unexpected happineſs,

that he efteemed this inftance of grofs credulity and ill-breeding a fufficient provocation to juftify him in refufing to fulfil his promife of remunerating the pious labours of uneducated fimplicity with a vicarage of twenty pounds a year, which had juft fallen vacant. With much apparent zeal for the welfare of the eftablifhment, his lordfhip declared, that his honour would not permit him to place a man in a refponfible office who was the dupe of fuch *illiberal* fuperftition, and that his confcience required him as a patron to examine with the moft fcrupulous minutenefs the abilities of thofe whom he appointed to his benefices. The reader will judge whether his lordfhip's juftice did not verge on fevere aufterity in the above inftance. My own averfion againft general reflections makes me proteft againft his illiberality in frequently repeating this adventure, and ufing it as a confirma-

firmation of his favourite tenet, that priests were either bigots or knaves. But Lord Glanville is not the only great man who has quarrelled with the Christian priesthood through dislike of a monitor.

The earl left England soon after the above incident, and before a robust Cambrian peasant had discovered Lady Glanville's ghost to be no other than the under-gardener, who had contrived to carry on his amour with the dairy-maid with greater secrecy, and more spirit, by connecting it with the double plot of terrifying the neighbourhood. I will here request the world to take notice, that this is the *second* ghost I have already introduced into this novel. It has been objected to me as a great want of taste, that I have constantly rejected the *marvellous* in my former publications. Though I might plead that pertinacity which is the privilege of my sister-

fisterhood, for an excuse in adhering to my own system of probability, the natural *pliability* of my temper has induced me to yield to the general opinion. And I do assure the literary world, whether they consist of journalists and reviewers, or of fine gentlemen and ladies, that I only wait for their being *unanimous* in their censures, and I will then remedy *all* my other errors. But while one learned critic points that out as a blemish which another has commended as a beauty, I think it is adviseable not to imitate the old man and his son, who endeavoured to please every body in their method of driving their ass to market. Instead, therefore, of tossing my beast into the river in a fit of petulance, the public may be assured, that whenever I have goods to lade him with I shall drive him to the fair in my own *odd* way, till I am *clearly told how I may improve his paces.*

CHAP. VI.

Satan appears in the Similitude of an Angel of Light.

DURING Lord Glanville's abſence from England he viſited the moſt celebrated places in Italy, France, and Germany; devoting his time to the education of his only daughter, and to the improvement of his taſte in *vertù*. As his ample fortune juſtified careleſſneſs of expence, his table was thronged by literati, and his muſeum crowded with antiques, gems, medals, ſtatues, and other relics of "ingenious Greece or mighty Rome." Thus, while improving his own taſte, and forming Lady Caroline's upon the pureſt models, he roved

roved from place to place, every where devoting his attention to the acquiſition of ſcience, and to the enjoyment of the elegant pleaſures of ſociety.

But there was one ſcience which he could not acquire, and one pleaſure which he never could taſte, the happy art of forgetfulneſs, and the delight of a peaceful conſcience. Man is born to trouble; ſorrow and care are in ſome degree his inevitable portion; but a ten-fold portion of ſorrow ſhall be the lot of him who willingly and determinately deviates from the plain path of recti-tude. The thorns of care are ſcattered all over the world, nor is the pillow of the Chriſtian free from theſe painful in-mates; but if you aſk me where their points are ſharpeſt, and their wounds moſt envenomed, I will direct you to the boſom of the Infidel.

Lord Glanville's manners were form-ed in the ſchool of Cheſterfield, that is to ſay,

ſay, they were corrected by the opinion of the world, and reſtrained by prudential and intereſted motives. He had imbibed many of his early opinions from Shaftſbury and Bolingbroke; his prejudices againſt religion received inſuperable ſtrength from the ſarcaſms of Voltaire; and in the varying ſophiſms of Rouſſeau he found convincing arguments againſt revelation. Yet, as his political creed led him to acknowledge the utility of religion as a ſtate engine, he conſidered that it would be both indecorous and unwiſe for a member of the higheſt court of legiſlature to ridicule publicly what was eſſential to the well-being of the community, and intimately interwoven with the principles of the conſtitution. Except, therefore, in the company of his moſt choſen intimates, Lord Glanville never indulged his ſecret rancour, farther than by a ſlight innuendo againſt the wiles of prieſtcraft, or

a general invective on the evils of bigotry and superstition. He ever made it a rule to attend divine service twice during his residence at his country seat; and, like Rousseau's exemplary Savoyard, with outward propriety, and inward incredulity, he mocked his Maker with the lip-homage of an unbelieving heart. I must allow, that Lord Glanville's deism was far short of the candour and philosophy of our present theophilanthropists; for he patronized charity-schools, and all other means of promoting religious knowledge among the lower classes. He even went so far as to insist on a serious sense of duty, among the requisites that form the usual inquiries in the choice of a servant; for he seemed to think infidelity a sort of aristocratic privilege, and, like the mysteries of Ceres, improper to be disclosed to the profane. So far from wishing the whole human race to rise

rise in rebellion against their Creator, he would not have been displeased if only himself and a few chosen associates had been released from the thraldom of future responsibility. From these principles we may readily conceive what must be his ruling passion. Selfishness was the predominant quality in Lord Glanville's mind; and, indeed, we may call it a constituent part of every infidel. The unfortunate being whose hopes terminate on this side the grave must endeavour to make the best of his little all of existence: for, as he denies reversionary blessings, he cannot afford to part with a present good; and the well-founding ideas of moral fitness and general utility, when balanced against the cravings of appetite, will fly up "and kick the beam."

I am aware that I continually lay myself open to the censure of illiberality, and upon the present occasion I wish

to ſpeak by the card. I by no means deny that deiſts have ſometimes performed great and generous actions; I only aſſert that they cannot feel benevolence and magnanimity. The mammon of unrighteouſneſs, like the falſe deities of paganiſm, varies its form, and different offerings muſt be prepared for its different altars. It is not always the voluptuous Pan, the ſordid Plutus, or the ambitious Phaeton: it often wears a more decorous form, and paſſes for the goddeſs of worldly wiſdom. Lord Glanville's idol was the love of praiſe; and many ſpecious actions and much regard to appearance are required from thoſe who live upon the aërial food of adulation and popular applauſe. I much doubt whether a mind, in which this agitating paſſion prevails over principle and ſober reaſon, does not endure greater privations than thoſe of the anchoret. But this is not the only inſtance

ſtance in which the ſlaves of ſin ſubmit to ſeverer bondage than religion ever requires from her ſincereſt votaries.

The man who, rejecting the ſupremacy of Omniſcience, regulates his conduct by the conſideration of what the world will ſay of him, quits a ſure and laſting recompenſe for ſolicitude and diſappointment. Lord Glanville's hiſtory is deſigned to exemplify this obſervation; he purſued fame by indirect courſes, and he reaped diſappointment.

Pope accuſes our maſter-paſſion of the voracity of "*ſwallowing* up the reſt." I rather think that it is merely a tyrant, who tries to impoſe chains which the refractory ſlaves often reſiſt, and that "man's little kingdom ſuffers then the nature of an inſurrection." Vanity is ſaid to be incompatible with love; yet during the early period of his life Lord Glanville's heart was ſufficiently touched with the tender paſſion

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to facrifice the views of ambition to the feelings of the heart. No future efforts, though unreftrained by refpect for human fanctions, or by reverence for divine laws, could diffolve the fatal contract which virtuous beauty induced him to form with Sophia Aubrey, before he attained the age of emancipation from parental control. Her humble fituation, that of a milliner's apprentice at Oxford, attracted that herd of admirers who efteem themfelves licenfed to infult modefty and to corrupt innocence, when they find it deftitute of powerful protection. But to the bafhful lovelinefs of feventeen Sophia Aubrey joined the prudence of a more advanced age; and fo well was her difcreet refolution of retiring from flattery and obfervation feconded by the vigilance of the perfon to whofe care fhe was committed, that many a lounging gownfman fauntered away hour after hour on the broad

broad pavement of the high-ſtreet, in fruitleſs hope of ſeeing the "goddeſs of his idolatry," who like an eaſtern queen continued inviſible.

I will here acquaint my young readers with ſome obſolete maxims *formerly* in general uſe, though I believe now ſo thoroughly antiquated that the recollection of them is only preſerved in old writings, and the chronicles of paſt times. It appears from theſe records, that it was *actually* once thought, that retiredneſs, ſecluſion, and reſerve added to the power of beauty; and that the heart of man uſed to be aſſailed by ſap and ſtratagem. "If you put the lordly creature on his guard," ſaid our great, great, great grand-mothers to their daughters, "you teach him to reſiſt your power; and if you do not carry his affections by ſtorm at the firſt aſſault, your ſtrength is ſo much impaired that you cannot make a ſecond attack.

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But if at every interview you *ſteal* upon him with the diſcovery of ſome freſh excellence, above all, if, inſtead of avowing your deſign againſt his liberty, you appear to *retire* from his obſervation, as if you *feared* that he was going to commence hoſtilities againſt you, you throw him off his guard, and he walks into your toils blindfold." I have *modernized* the ſentiments as well as the language of our venerable predeceſſors in the above quotation, which may rather be called a paraphraſe than an extract; being convinced, that if I had given the ſpeech verbatim nobody would have underſtood what was meant by the "duties of the holy eſtate of marriage, inſtituted for mutual comfort," or what was implied by a young woman's early acquiring habits of obedience, and domeſtic occupation. Yet I muſt obſerve, that in *thoſe* days there was not ſo large a ſtock of unmarried ladies

ladies upon hand, as ſince the idea of wife and help-mate have been diſunited; and it is only out of pure compaſſion to the increaſing quantity of very amiable, very accompliſhed, and very ſweet-tempered young creatures, whom we hourly meet, dancing like the looſe-robed graces, or ſinging like the warbling muſes, that I ſuggeſt the expedient of their becoming leſs prodigal of their charms. I know they will utter ſome ſmart ſarcaſm at the advice of a Mrs. Prudentia; but I am not to be diſcouraged by a little pertneſs, and, as I frequently tell my friends, I have not remained unmarried for want of good offers.

I have lately got into ſuch a rambling humour, that my ſtory makes ſmall progreſs.—Soon after the Earl of Glanville (then Lord Malvern) had been entered at college, his attention was rouſed by the deſcription which his friends gave

him of the uncommon beauty, and yet more uncommon reſerve, of a fair milliner, whoſe diſcretion ſeemed proof againſt all Cupid's artillery of ſighs and glances. Nay, though the defeated god had called in Apollo to his aid, neither billet-doux, ode, ſonnet, nor madrigal, made any impreſſion. As to preſents, Argus guarded the door, and not ſo much as a tooth-pick caſe could gain admittance. In fine, to the eternal diſgrace of Oxford, it was feared that one young beauty would eſcape from its walls, without having her innocence corrupted, or even her underſtanding impaired by adulation.

Lord Malvern liſtened with aſtoniſhment. He had hitherto ſeen little to turn his attention to affairs of gallantry, and he ſubmitted to the homage which his rank compelled him to pay to the fair, rather as a means of exalting his own character to the claim of finiſh-

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ed politeneſs, than from the pleaſure he derived from the ſoft ſmiles and elegant volubility of ſome highly rouged ducheſs, or taſtefully patched ſpinſter of faſhion. Theſe were objects that he every day ſaw; and even the ſimple ruſtic who loiters to attract attention, and with the bluſh of pleaſure and the ſmile of credulity anſwers flattery with, "Really, ſir, I don't believe what you ſay," might be met with: but a girl who would not be talked to, in ſhort who would ſcarcely be ſeen, was even fifty years ago a phænomenon.

What only Cæſar can do, is worthy the attention of Cæſar. Lord Malvern undertook the taſk of ſeducing Sophy Aubrey to vice, or at leaſt of degrading her to folly; and he gloried in the idea of the ſuperiority which his conqueſt would give him over the unſkilful aſſailants who had abandoned the glorious achievement in deſpair.

Such were the motives that actuated Lord Malvern to engage in this most infamous design, which, I am sorry to say, the manners of the gay world have never sufficiently discountenanced. Many a vain youth has, like my hero, been induced to act the part of the prince of darkness, not from the impetuosity of criminal appetites, but from a wish for that reputation which perverted opinion is ready to bestow on the elegant engaging seducer. Had infamy been attached to the attempt, Lord Malvern would have desisted and been happy. But mark the sequel:

> "The Heavens are just, and of our pleasant vices
> "Make instruments to scourge us."

His only chance of seeing the amiable Sophy was at church, whither she constantly went, accompanied by her mistress, who was also her aunt. A large hat

hat concealed ſo much of her face, that the only obſervation Lord Malvern could make in three or four attempts was, that her perſon was gracefully formed, and her behaviour modeſt, devout, and attentive. Fortune at laſt ſo far befriended him, that a ſudden guſt of wind blew off this envious ſhade, while he was near enough to pick it up, and preſent it to her at a moment when her natural lovelineſs (heightened by the alarm which ſuch an accident's happening in the ſtreet before many witneſſes occaſioned) was almoſt irreſiſtible. His elegant bow was returned by a ſlight curteſy: no farther intercourſe was poſſible; for Mrs. Atkins reproved her careleſsneſs, and, taking hold of her arm, hurried her home.

When Lord Malvern calculated on the emotions that he ſhould raiſe in the heart of the innocent Sophia, he never ſuppoſed it probable that his own could catch

catch any perturbation. He entered into this affair merely as an amuſement and a relief from ſevere ſtudies; but he ſoon found, that whether he opened Xenophon or Polybius, Sophia's picture was impreſſed on the leaves. Even the bottle could not diſpel the illuſion; this curſory glance had ſtruck deep, and he had no better anſwer to give to the friends who inquired about the progreſs of his amour, than that he thought her the moſt beautiful creature he had ever ſeen.

My abhorrence of wonders makes me caution my readers not to ſuppoſe that Sophia's face was ſo perfectly divine, as that a glimpſe of it ſhould ſtrike with the inſtantaneous effect of lightning; nor do I mean to inſinuate that Lord Malvern was impelled by any phyſical neceſſity to fall in love. I am rather of opinion, that he often met as graceful figures at Ranelagh, and encountered as brilliant eyes

eyes at the opera, without perceiving his tranquillity at all affected.

Circumſtances and ſituations confer a nominal value on objects, and the eyes that were peeping at him through the ſticks of a fan were not worth a glance in return. He well knew that his rank in life permitted him to chooſe a partner among the circles of faſhion; and if he was ſtruck at the appearance of a young lady, he had only to knock at her father's door and take a ſecond view. But it ſeemed to be infinitely more difficult to unbar Mrs. Atkins's, and difficulty enhanced the pleaſure. While he pondered on the means of procuring Sophia, her image became indelibly impreſſed on his mind, haunted his ſleeping and waking thoughts, and at laſt rendered ſucceſs neceſſary to his repoſe. Such is the common proceſs by which we inflame our paſſions; we give them that impetuoſity of which we accuſe our nature.

The firſt proof of Lord Malvern's heart being intereſted in the purſuit of Miſs Aubrey was, his concealing from his friends all the meaſures that he took to procure an introduction to her. They rallied him on his breach of promiſe, and accuſed him of being a downright lover; he repelled the charge with as much indignation as Benedick, and by his vehemence *confirmed* their ſuſpicions. It was then agreed that they would watch him and fruſtrate his deſigns. This reſolution was too late to be effectual; the purchaſe of three pair of point ruffles, and a quantity of Bruſſels lace, for a preſent to his ſiſters, had already procured his lordſhip a ſhop acquaintance with Mrs. Atkins; and though Sophy was not viſible, he had the pleaſure of knowing that he was under the ſame roof with her, while he admired her aunt's taſte in making Pruſſian caps, and pinking the trimming of negligees, in which he declared ſhe

excelled the princeſs's milliner. We have all our weak ſide; and theſe were the excellencies on which Mrs. Atkins ſo particularly prided herſelf, that ſhe deviated from her uſual prudence, and called Sophy from the back ſhop to try on a cap which his lordſhip meant to purchaſe for his younger ſiſter, if he could be convinced that it was *becoming*. She would not be ſo illiberal as to confound a young gentleman who was ſo conſtant at church, ſo proper in his behaviour, ſo fond of his ſiſters, and, above all, ſuch an excellent *ready-money* cuſtomer, with the rakes who followed Sophia. Beſide, his attention to the poor girl was ſo proper; he never attempted to confuſe her by ſilly ſpeeches, he ſeemed while ſhe ſtayed to be only admiring the cap, and he waited till ſhe was out of hearing before he obſerved that ſhe was very handſome. Nay, he even warned her aunt of the danger to which

which beauty was exposed in the haunts of dissipated youth.

A person like Mrs. Atkins, well-meaning, prudent, but not deeply versed in the ways of the world, can only resist *common* dissemblers. Thrown off her guard by the deepest proficiency in Satanic art, she readily intrusted Lord Malvern with the particulars of Sophia's history. He learned that she was the daughter of a clergyman; that her education had been conducted on a liberal and religious plan; that she had an only brother who had chosen a military life; and that on her father's death, his little savings being found inadequate to the support of herself and her mother, she had resigned her share of them to increase the comforts of her infirm parent, and determined to depend upon her own industry for her subsistence. "Many an anxious hour does she cost me," continued Mrs. Atkins; "but,

"but, though ſhe was born to better proſpects, ſhe ſubmits to all I require with ſuch ſweetneſs and good humour, that I grow fonder of her every day, and would lay down my life to make her happy."

In a little time after this converſation, Enſign Aubrey informed his ſiſter that he had been moſt unexpectedly raiſed to the rank of lieutenant. He had waited on his colonel in conſequence of this promotion, and learnt from him that he owed it to the interceſſion of Lord Malvern, a nobleman to whom he was utterly unknown. He inquired whether his ſiſter could give him any information why this ſtranger, of whom he heard the moſt amiable character, ſhould intereſt himſelf in his affairs. Before Sophy could recover from the agreeable trepidation into which this letter threw her, ſhe received one from her mother, written with a tremulous hand, ac-

quainting her that ſhe had been nominated to receive twenty pounds per annum from the truſt for relieving the widows of deceaſed clergymen, and that this ſervice was alſo traced to the friendly interference of Lord Malvern.

It ſo *happened*, that his lordſhip called at Mrs. Atkins's ſhop that very evening, to order another Pruſſian cap, the former having become the decided favourite of both his ſiſters; but he had ſcarcely time to expreſs his wants, before Mrs. Atkins with claſped hands, intreated heaven to bleſs his goodneſs. She was too familiar, ſhe ſaid; ſhe knew it was wrong to take liberties with people of his rank; but if he would condeſcend to ſtep into the back ſhop, there was one who wiſhed to thank him too. Lord Malvern was not *diſpleaſed* at this requeſt, he readily followed Mrs. Atkins; and while he received the grateful acknowledgments of innocence, he felt for a moment the pureſt

pureſt delight. For a *moment* I ſay; for as ſoon as conſciouſneſs reminded him of the deſign of his liberality, dark machinations, guilty deſires, and all the turmoil of reſtleſs agitation, occupied the place of joy and love.

After a little converſation, which enabled him to perceive that a cultivated mind was added to a lovely perſon, he roſe to take leave. Mrs. Atkins was aſhamed to aſk, but if he would do her the honour to accept a cup of tea, her hyſon was very much approved, Sophy ſhould fetch ſome of the cakes which ſhe had made yeſterday, and they would have a holiday. Lord Malvern was all affability. He praiſed the tea, devoured the cakes, and the hauteur of rank gradually wore off. He amuſed them with anecdotes of high life, loaded the vices of the age with execration; and after a caution to the lovely Sophy, expreſſed in almoſt fraternal language, he requeſt-

ed that whenever he could any way ferve her or her family fhe would remember there was *one* man who could pay innocence aud beauty a *difinterefted* homage. A tear and a blufh were Mifs Aubrey's only anfwer; and Malvern, declaring that he would fometimes avail himfelf of Mrs. Atkins's hofpitality to afk how the family did, retired, more in love than he chofe to avow even to himfelf, and convinced that he had made a deep impreffion on Sophia's grateful unfufpecting heart.

CHAP. VII.

The Lamb intrusted to the Wolf.

AFFAIRS were in this train when Lord Malvern's friends commenced their operations to defeat his projects. The prime agent in the plot was a jolly Bacchanalian, who possessed one quality in perfection, some call it honesty, some bluntness, but I will denominate it the gift of *blundering*. This gentleman volunteered his services to inform Mrs. Atkins that Lord Malvern had a design against her niece's honour; but, full of the hope of out-generalling so great a general, and "flushed with the Tuscan grape," he communicated his plan to a person

perſon who happened to be a confidential friend of Malvern's, the night before he intended to put it in execution. His lordſhip, therefore, had an opportunity of countermining, and prepared Mrs. Atkins for the reception of a moſt outrageous libertine of the name of O'Ryan, who had fallen in love with Sophy. That gentleman's intimations, therefore, were anſwered by a requeſt that he would walk out of the ſhop; and all his proteſtations, though backed with oaths, only tended to increaſe the good woman's abhorrence of his wickedneſs, till ſhe even threatened to complain of his conduct to the vice-chancellor.

Lord Malvern, thus left maſter of the field, took care to gain every poſſible advantage from the enemy's defeat. He called but ſeldom, and ſometimes went away without ſeeing Sophy. He always aſſigned his charineſs of her reputation as the reaſon why he ſo ſparingly in-

dulged

dulged himſelf in the pleaſure which her ſociety afforded. When with her, he chiefly converſed about her mother, or he ſpoke of her brother's future proſpects, her father's character, or the pleaſures and incidents of her childhood. What an intereſting picture did her replies preſent! Suffice it to ſay, that her affecting ſimplicity often ſtaggered the cruelty of a libertine.

The converſation frequently turned on books. Here too her intelligence, docility, and modeſty, gave her freſh charms. "By heaven!" he would ſometimes ſay to himſelf, "this girl is a paragon! ſhe would do honour to *any* ſtation." In juſtice to his lordſhip's prudence, I will obſerve, that as often as he found this ſentiment riſing to his lips, he conſtantly hurried from Mrs. Atkins's, with a charge to Sophia to continue good, and ſhe would then find him her conſtant friend. Sophy's heart over-

 flowed

flowed with an undefined ſentiment, ſhe called it gratitude to her protector, and admiration of genuine goodneſs. Who does not foreſee that it will prove to have been love for a ſpecious villain?

With the certainty of being in love, Lord Malvern's difficulties increaſed. There was ſo much native modeſty in this lovely girl, her virtue was ſo truly the effect of principle, that he ſaw not the leaſt hope of tempting her to ſtray from the paths of duty. To lure her from her aunt's protection, and ſeize by force what fraud could not gain, was an undertaking full of danger, and difficulty too. Rumour would ſpeak loudly againſt ſuch a tranſaction; and infamy, not fame, would be the reward of the ſeducer who was compelled to reſort to ſuch a barbarous procedure.

To relinquiſh the purſuit ſeemed impoſſible. His heart told him that Sophia was neceſſary to his repoſe; he perceived the

the intereſt that he had gained in her affections; and in his brighteſt hours, when he indulged in a fairy viſion of innocent bliſs, the image of domeſtic felicity, and Sophy as the companion of his future life, were conſtantly united. But horror! ſhame! diſgrace! A peer of the realm marry a milliner's apprentice! Impoſſible! I dwell the longer on this part of my narrative, from a hope that it may deter ſome future adventurer from wandering in the oblique paths of vice, by recollecting that Lord Malvern was induced by vanity to ſeduce innocence, and never after enjoyed *one* quiet hour.

In the midſt of his machinations he was ſummoned to London, to attend the ſick bed of his father. Lord Glanville's fondneſs for his ſon was extreme, and on his recovery from a ſevere fit of the gout he determined that his darling ſhould leave Oxford, and reſide in his own

 houſe,

houſe, under the tuition of a private governor. This arrangement heightened Lord Malvern's difficulties, and he made one effort to drive the image of Sophia from his boſom. He had the heroiſm to perſevere a week in the reſolution of never ſeeing her more; but having during that time ſufficiently ſtudied his tutor's character, he ventured to propoſe a private jaunt to Oxford, and Mr. O'Faughn agreed to accompany him.

Unreſolved how to act, he knocked at Mrs. Atkins's door, which was opened by Sophy in deep mourning, and with a countenance as ſad as her garment. A glow of pleaſure lighted up her face as ſhe exclaimed, "Indeed! Lord Malvern, is it you? They told me you had left Oxford, and I fancied that I had loſt *all* my friends." Tears accompanied theſe words, and ſhe continued in the ſame artleſs ſtyle to deſcribe her perplexities in conſequence of the ſudden death of her

her aunt. "She has left me her bufinefs," faid fhe; "but I muft not carry it on in fuch a place as this. I fometimes think that it would be moft adviſeable to return to my mother. Your goodnefs has increafed her income; and the fale of my aunt's effects, with a little plain-work, will fupport me. Will your lordfhip give me your opinion? This *once* I will afk it; but indeed you muft never call again."

"Not call on you, Sophy!" exclaimed Malvern violently agitated.

"No, my lord; confider the fituation of a poor girl who has only her reputation to depend upon. I know your goodnefs to me is all pure benevolence; but the world will not do credit to the virtues of your noble heart. If it be once whifpered that you are feen within thefe doors, I fhall be held up to ridicule and fhame; and how can I fupport that?"

 "You

"You ſhall be ſecured from ſhame and ridicule, and made a mark for envy and admiration, by being placed in the ſtation which your tranſcendent worth deſerves," returned his lordſhip. The Orondates ſtyle is difficult, and I am ſo conſcious that I cannot ſupport it, that I muſt omit the remainder of the ſpeech; only obſerving, that, betrayed by the impulſe of the moment, Malvern made an *unequivocal* offer of his hand and heart.

I am aware that a true heroine would on this occaſion have proportioned the ſteadineſs of her refuſal to the frankneſs of her lover's propoſals, and I once thought of making uſe of a ſpeech that has lain by me many years, beginning with "Generous man, your diſintereſtedneſs calls for equal greatneſs of ſoul on my part," and ending with "Adieu for ever;" but having loſt all my taſte for prodigies, I think it better not to

to engraft the wiſdom of thirty on the ſimplicity of eighteen, or to expect that an unprotected artleſs girl, tenderly attached to a ſeemingly faultleſs lover, would act with the circumſpection of a Minerva. Sophy liſtened with almoſt breathleſs rapture to this unexpected but not undeſired declaration, believed all her lover's vows, admitted all his reaſons in favour of a private marriage, and when he left her ruminated on her future proſpects with grateful joy.

Not ſo Lord Malvern. He curſed his own precipitation, which could not wait to ſeize the advantages that might ariſe from the change in Sophy's ſituation. His perturbation of mind was ſo viſible in his countenance when he returned to his apartment, that it could not eſcape his tutor's attention. This man, with no other real recommendation but learning, had riſen in the world by cloſely obſerving Sir Pertinax Macſycophant's

phant's rule of "*booing* to my lord and lady," and by concealing his profligate heart under the appearance of ſpecious manners. He ſaw ſufficient reaſons in the declining health of Lord Glanville, to turn his attention to the riſing ſtar, who would ſoon be "lord of the aſcendant." Beſide three valuable rectories, his pupil would have the power of beſtowing ſome good lay ſinecures on a *friend* who *ſerved him with fidelity*. His acuteneſs ſoon diſcovered the cauſe of Lord Malvern's chagrin, and he as ſoon removed it by an expedient which diabolical guilt could alone invent.

He obſerved, that the laws reſpecting marriage were not *yet* changed, and therefore it was poſſible for a gentleman to contract this engagement under circumſtances that would deprive the lady of the power of future proof. "A little forethought," ſaid he, "often ſaves much perplexity: I doubt not, my lord,

Miſs

Miſs Aubrey highly deſerves the honour that you are going to beſtow upon her; but, put the caſe that in future you find her *leſs* amiable than you now ſuppoſe, will it not be very convenient to have it in your power to diſſolve the bond without being obliged to publiſh your juvenile inconſideration to the world? The lady will be equally happy while ſhe *thinks* herſelf your wife, as if ſhe *really* were ſo; and as it is only in the event of her miſbehaviour that you will put in practice your power of repudiating her, your puniſhment of her will be juſt."

Impelled by the vehemence of love, and awed by the ſuggeſtions of ambition, Malvern had not ſufficient juſtice to reject this nefarious ſcheme. The generous but imprudent Sophia had already conſented that the ceremony ſhould be performed in the moſt private manner. She was a perfect novice, and felt ſuch

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an entire confidence in her deceiver, as precluded ſuſpicion. At his urgent intreaty ſhe even yielded to his propoſal of concealing her *real* ſituation from all her own relations; and Mrs. Aubrey was informed, that her daughter had given up buſineſs to reſide in London, with a lady who had taken her for a companion.

Lord Malvern placed his bride in an elegant lodging, regulated her eſtabliſhment with liberal propriety, and for one year preferred her to every earthly object. Delighted at the facility with which ſhe acquired the accompliſhments and manners of poliſhed life, he ſometimes anticipated the whiſper of admiration which would circulate through the drawing-room if he ſhould venture to draw this gem of "pureſt ray ſerene" from obſcurity, and bid it blaze in the coronet of Glanville. He almoſt doubted whether this would not be the

ſureſt

ſureſt way of acquiring a *diſtinguiſhed* reputation, and he repeatedly ſounded the words "diſintereſted affection," "generoſity," "probity," and "independent manlineſs of character," againſt "milliner," "dupe," "boyiſh imprudence" and "ignorance of the world," without being able to tell which were moſt ſonorous.

While his mind continued in this fluctuating ſtate, his ſervant one morning announced a gentleman of the name of Captain Aubrey. Joy, gratitude, and affection fluſhed the officer's countenance, while his lordſhip's muſcles ſtiffened into the rigid attitude of diſtant ceremony. Aubrey came not only to thank Lord Malvern for the favour he had perſonally received, and to acknowledge his benevolent interference in behalf of infirmity and poverty; but to bleſs the more than generous, the unprecedented nobleneſs of his conduct to his

beloved fifter. "My lord," faid he, "I left my refpected mother broken-hearted, and complaining that my fifter was become a kept miftrefs, and that her gray hairs would be brought to the grave with forrow. I came to town determined to take vengeance on Sophy's feducer. Aye, by my foul's beft hopes, my lord, I would have done it, even if I had found him among the royal blood. But I find the dear girl, inftead of being betrayed and corrupted, in the protection of the moft honourable of men; and when I tell my mother that Sophy is your wife——"

"Really, Captain Aubrey, I am concerned that an engagement this morning fhould render me incapable of ——"

"I underftand you, my lord. I fpoke too loud. I know your peculiar fituation; but pardon the warmth of an honeft heart, oppreffed with the weight of obligation. I will indeed be prudent,

be

be ſilent as the grave. I do not wiſh you to acknowledge your marriage. It may offend the earl. Sophia is happy. She has a juſt confidence in your attachment and integrity. Only let *me* have the inexpreſſible pleaſure to hear *you confirm* what *ſhe* has *told* me; and may I be branded as a villain and a coward if I diſcloſe the ſecret. Even when I tell my mother that Sophy is the wife of a man of honour, ſhe ſhall not know your name."

There are incidents that will diſconcert the moſt conſummate maſters in the ſciences of intrigue and deception. Lord Malvern was ſo totally unprepared for this interview, that he could advance no further in his reply than, "Captain Aubrey—I don't underſtand—as to honour, ſir, I muſt beſeech you to recollect —" when the entrance of his father at that critical moment ſhortened the period of his mortification, and tranſferred

ferred the hesitation and confusion that accompanies conscious errors from Malvern's behaviour to that of the gallant Aubrey, who, alarmed at the idea of the misfortunes which his affectionate indiscretion might have occasioned, and persuaded that his lordship's embarrassment proceeded from an apprehension that his father had overheard the conversation, after an aukward attempt to refer his words to some other person, withdrew.

The next visit that Lord Malvern made his lady was the first in which she had ever seen the gloomy humours of the husband prevail over the tenderness of the lover. He reproached her with a breach of her promise to conceal their marriage from every human being; and added, that after the sacrifices he had made to her, he might at least have expected *fidelity* on her side. Alarmed at this unexpected charge, Sophia asserted

ſerted her innocence; and this drew from Lord Malvern an account of Captain Aubreys viſit. Lady Malvern was not covered with confuſion at this ecclairciſſement. "I confeſs," ſaid ſhe, "that I owned to him I was the wife of a man of honour. My preſent ſituation is too apparent to allow me to deny the matronly character; and how elſe could I have pacified his indignation? for he ſwore to waſh away my ſhame in my ſeducer's blood. Or how could I remove from my head the curſe of my diſtracted mother, whoſe ſufferings, on being told that I was a woman of intrigue, have almoſt brought her to the grave? I ſaid no more than what I have above repeated; and I am alike ignorant how he diſcovered *my* lodgings, or found out *your* name. But, my deareſt lord, do not fear Edward's indiſcretion; though impetuous in his temper he has an honeſt heart, and my father

grounded

grounded him in the principles of truth and integrity. His calling upon you was a hafty thought, dictated by gratitude; and, as you doubtlefs confirmed what I had told him, be affured (for he is neither vain, felfifh, nor frivolous) he will never trouble you more."

"You have been very indifcreet, Sophy," refumed his lordfhip, in that fullen tone which error often affumes when it wifhes to remove cenfure from itfelf, and to fix it on the far inferior faults of another. "By your folly my hereditary eftate is made to depend upon the fecrefy of a man whofe officioufnefs betrays his weaknefs. I now infift upon your immediately abjuring all further communication with your family; and for this end I fhall immediately remove you to fome place where they cannot difcover you.—You hefitate, I fee; as I have much more to enjoin let me fuggeft that my welfare and my wifhes *ought*

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in your eſtimation to be paramount to all other conſiderations."

"I do not heſitate, my lord; I only lament your diſpleaſure."

"Then haſten to remove it. Promiſe me, by all your beſt and deareſt hopes, notwithſtanding every inducement to the contrary, even if you ſhould fancy I gave you ſome apparent provocations, promiſe me to place that implicit reliance on my honour, that you never will, by anticipating the diſcovery which I ſhall make at the proper time, plunge both ourſelves and our offspring in *permanent* calamities."

"If I could doubt your honour, my lord, I ſhould be indeed wretched; I cheerfully promiſe to preſerve the moſt inviolable ſecreſy, and to act entirely in ſubſervience to your wiſhes. But ſurely, when you talk of giving me provocations, you are only imitating Henry in your favourite poem of the Nut-

brown

brown Maid, and preparing your Emma's mind for evils that can never happen. No, my deareſt lord," continued ſhe with a ſmile of tender confidence, "I am too well aſſured of the intereſt which you muſt take in the character of your wife, and the legitimacy of your child, to fear that your conduct will ever ſhake my implicit faith."

His lordſhip generouſly anſwered, that he was perfectly ſatisfied; and Sophia, at his requeſt, promiſe to forget what was paſt. Memory is not a paſſive quality; and, though Lady Malvern endeavoured to divert her thoughts from this painful ſubject, whenever her lord's viſits were leſs frequent, or his behaviour to her leſs kind, ſhe could not help ſuppoſing that theſe might be the commencement of his *threatened* provocations. Theſe recollections were more frequent after the birth of her ſon, and often as ſhe huſhed him to repoſe on her

her bosom an involuntary tear would steal down her cheek at the apprehension that perhaps he was the *heir* of disgrace and misfortune.

Indeed the behaviour of Lord Malvern had for some time been such as must have excited terror in a mind less devoted to implicit faith than that of the artless affectionate Sophia. His visits gradually became short and ceremonious; his behaviour spoke "the dull'd edge of sated appetite;" and his attentions to his little boy were more indicative of civil necessity, than of the glowing tenderness of parental affection. It could not escape the mother's observation, that no chance emotion ever so far betrayed his prudence, as to induce him to call the child by the name of Harry Glanville, even when no one was present who might take advantage of such an indiscretion. Doubt is generally progressive, especially if allied to

fear

fear; and Sophia now began to confider how often her fond hufband had accofted her by the endearing title of wife. It was a matter of aftonifhment, as well as alarm, when fhe reflected that he had never once ufed that name.

Four years paffed away, partly embittered by fear and partly foothed with hope, when Lady Malvern read in a daily paper an account of the death of the Earl of Glanville, at his town refidence, after a tedious illnefs. This event, to which fhe had long looked forward as the termination of her perplexities, brought with it an immediate increafe. It was more than a month fince fhe had feen her lord. He had perfuaded her that he was going into Norfolk, where the fhooting feafon had commenced; and he told her he fhould be too much occupied by his favourite diverfion to write often. One letter fhe had received, but it fpoke

nothing

nothing of his father's declining health, a circumſtance which muſt have deeply intereſted him, when conſidered in every point of view. Had he really no pleaſure in the proſpect of being relieved from the miſery of a clandeſtine connexion, or had filial piety ſo far overpowered his feelings during the laſt moments of his father's life, as to make him entirely forget the anxious ſituation of his wife and child.

While Lady Malvern continued meditating on a ſubject ſo full of portentous appearances, a gentleman was announced, and Mr. O'Faughn entered her apartment. She immediately recollected him to be the perſon who had performed the office of nuptial father at her marriage, and ſuſpicion and terror yielded for a moment to expectation and joy. After a little common-place prelude, Mr. O'Faughn informed her, that Lord Malvern, having ſome particular

cular reaſons to be diſpleaſed with the conduct of the people with whom ſhe lodged, wiſhed her to remove to a more eligible ſituation; and as he fancied his little boy looked unwell when he laſt ſaw him, his parental tenderneſs ſuggeſted the idea that ſome pure country air was neceſſary to reinvigorate his debilitated frame. Mr. O'Faughn added, that his noble friend was exceſſively concerned that a very painful and important duty rendered it impoſſible for him to attend her on her journey himſelf; but if ſhe would accept of the faithful ſervices of one who ſincerely admired her many virtues, *he* would do himſelf the honour to be her eſcorte. Lady Malvern willingly accepted this propoſal. She ſaw in it a project to give her a moſt agreeable ſurprize, and ſhe determined (though ſhe ſaw through the ſcheme) to affect ignorance, and to ſeem not to know of the death of Lord Glan-

Glanville till ſhe was recognized as the wife of the preſent earl, by being placed in one of his country-ſeats. She admired the delicacy of her deareſt lord in intruſting her upon this occaſion to the care of one who ſo well knew her *full* right to the honours ſhe was going to enjoy, and ſhe cheerfully prepared for a journey that was to terminate in her being acknowledged Counteſs of Glanville.

They continued travelling three days, but the diſtance was beguiled by the moſt pleaſing converſation. Mr. O'Faughn was never weary of talking of the honour, popularity, generoſity, public ſpirit, and filial piety of his noble friend; and Sophia liſtened without ſatiety to various anecdotes which placed theſe virtues in the moſt conſpicuous light. At length the carriages ſtopped, not at a proud baronial reſidence in the midſt of a large park, ſurrounded by trees coeval with the Gothic pile

pile, but at a ſmall farm houſe in the wilds of Glamorganſhire. No train of numerous attendants in gorgeous liveries haſtened to welcome their lovely miſtreſs, and to careſs the ſmiling heir of all theſe honours; but one half-attired ruſtic, with an abrupt curteſy, in uncouth language, requeſted madam and the babe to walk in. Away fled all the gaudy trappings which a pardonable vanity had ſuggeſted to Sophia's imagination, and with them fled objects infinitely more valuable, but equally the viſionary creation of fancy; I mean the faith and honour of her huſband.

I will paſs over the enſuing ſcene, conſcious that I could not do it juſtice in a minute deſcription. When Sophia called upon O'Faughn, as he would anſwer it at "the great day of count," to remind her baſe ſeducer that ſhe was his lawful wife, the vile acceſſary denied all knowledge of the tr anſaction to

which ſhe alluded. When ſhe called upon her cruel perjured huſband, O'Faughn proteſted that her *protector* was moſt conſtant in his attachments, and would never deſert her, unleſs the violence of her paſſions compelled him to form a connexion where his repoſe might be leſs endangered. She threatened to proclaim her wrongs to the world; the faithful guardian of a moſt unholy truſt beſought her to recollect, that ſhe had promiſed Lord Malvern that all his ſecrets ſhould be ſafe in her keeping. Miſs Aubrey had not been educated in the ſchool of *refined* morality. She did not conceive that the baſeneſs and perjury of another was an acquital to a mind conſcious of having contracted a ſolemn engagement. The multitude of the wicked was not with her a reaſon for joining the guilty band. Dropping on her knees, with recollected meekneſs, ſhe committed her cauſe to Him

Him who is the friend of the friendlefs. Then turning to her terrified child, fhe clafped it to her bofom with ftrong maternal tendernefs. She could articulate no more than "Poor *deferted* orphan!" but her convulfive throbs witneffed that it had ftill *one* tender parent.

The night was fpent in confufion and extreme diftrefs. The owners of the dwelling where fhe was placed underftood little of her language, and were prepoffeffed by the account that O'Faughn had given of her; namely, that fhe was a young lady of fafhion, who had difgraced herfelf by her bad conduct, and had fince been difordered in her mind. The next morning he demanded an interview, and he then found that her fituation would juftify his ftatement. Her intellects were indeed deeply affected by the fhock that fhe had fuftained. His crafty fagacity had contrived to deprive her of the at-

tendance

tendance of her own fervants, whom he had left at the laft ftage, under the care of a fubaltern agent, with orders to take them back to London, and difmifs them with handfome gratuities, under the pretence that their lady had found fervants who fuited her better in her new fituation. They were ignorant of the true names of the parties whom they had ferved, and therefore could make no difcoveries; and O'Faughn thought it would be impoffible for the wretched Sophia, left diftracted among ftrangers, to make her incoherent tale underftood: he therefore returned to London, fatisfied that he had relieved his noble friend from a very difagreeable incumbrance, at a fmall expence, and without the leaft danger to his reputation.

Befide the common motive of fatiety, the young earl had an additional reafon for wifhing to be releafed from the matrimonial

trimonial fetters. The ſame lying ſpirit that had promiſed to lead him to the temple of fame through the labyrinth of depravity, had lately aſſured him that the proud ſtructure might moſt eaſily be approached by the avenue of folly. "The little ſet" that conſtituted his world conferred conſiderable applauſe on gaming; for though they allowed it to be deſtructive of fortune and peace of mind, yet there was ſo much of courageous careleſſneſs and agitating incertitude in the purſuit, that the vice really wore a very gentlemanlike appearance, and promiſed to come into high celebrity. Lord Malvern had offered ſeveral thouſands at the ſhrine of this Moloch; and, as it was abſolutely impoſſible for him, on his acceſſion to the title, to contract the eſtabliſhment which his father had ſupported, without being termed mean ſpirited, it was neceſſary that the fortune of the future Lady Glanville

ville ſhould be ſufficient to diſcharge all incumbrances. The man of the world will ſee the force of this argument, and allow that Sophia and her innocent boy muſt be abandoned. It is probable too, that he will ſuppoſe Lord Glanville might ſilence the pangs of conſcience, by recollecting that an annuity of two hundred a year was *affluence* compared to the *penury* of Miſs Aubrey's early life; and that nobody, therefore, could reproach him with having reduced the poor girl to a worſe ſituation than that in which he found her. Thoſe who thus argue will do well to attend to the ſequel of this hiſtory.

CHAP. VIII.

Superior Skill in the Art of tormenting proves fatal to the Poſſeſſor of that eminent Qualification.

BEAUTY ſpread her goſſamer ſnare for the Earl of Glanville; but a man of conſummate prudence will not be twice attracted by a *gilded* bait. Sophia Aubrey joined innocence, virtue, tenderneſs, and delicacy to a lovely perſon; yet, when poſſeſſed of theſe, he ſoon wiſhed for a more *ſubſtantial* dower. He determined, that if he ſhould a ſecond time grow weary of the nuptial yoke, he would repent, like Falſtaff's Prince Hal, " not in ſackcloth and aſhes, but in new ſilk and old ſack." Fortifying himſelf with this reſolution, he remained

mained like another Achilles invulnerable amid ſhowers of arrows. The combat between the belligerent powers was indeed ſingular, as both parties were in purſuit of non-entities. The ladies directed their fire at the earl's *heart*, a part which I ſuſpect nature omitted in his compoſiton; and the earl with equal vigilance reconoitred their eſtates, which too frequently were ſituated in *Terra Incognita*. Had *he* been "uſed to the melting mood," he muſt have been ſoftened into true connubial docility; and had the daughter of King Midas been among the competitors, and poſſeſſed of her father's power of tranſmutation, ſhe would have become Lady Glanville.

Two years rolled away; the fair aſſailants continued talking of the young earl's carriages and liveries, and he added a few names to the liſt of the greateſt fortunes in England, which he kept in

 his

his common-place book. At length a very unpleafant circumftance occurred. Nothing was at firft known, except that his lordfhip had been called out by an officer, whom he had once materially ferved; and that the *ungrateful* wretch fell (as he deferved) mortally wounded at the firft fire. The earl (though it was fuppofed that he might eafily have been excufed in a court of juftice for only *accepting* a challenge) was fo extremely diftreffed at this unfortunate event, that he immediately left his native country. Every one pitied fuch an amiable nobleman, and obferved that keennefs of his feelings was a proof of the goodnefs of his heart. But in a few days the death of the young officer transferred pity to the greateft fufferer. Soon after hints were given, but with the greateft caution, that there was a dreadful tale to tell, refpecting a fifter feduced and abandoned to difgrace and diftrac-

diſtraction. The reſtleſs ſpirit of curioſity eagerly purſued theſe ſuggeſtions; but if even myſelf and my Danbury friends had formed the inqueſt, I am afraid we could not have made any clear diſcoveries. The ſurgeon who attended the wounded man from the field, and witneſſed his laſt agonies, would only ſay that he ſhould diſcloſe nothing unleſs properly queſtioned.

I doubt not, however, that the reader's feelings have already recognized the fallen officer. It was indeed poor Aubrey, who returned from ſevere ſervice in the Weſt Indies, full of hope that he ſhould ſee his ſiſter eſtabliſhed in that rank which his fond affection deemed her worthy to fill. He had determined to gratify his fraternal pride by taking a diſtant view of her in her new ſtation, and he reſolved not to force himſelf on Lord Glanville's notice, unleſs he was convinced that it would give pleaſure to

all parties. He was aſtoniſhed that he did not hear of Lady Glanville's beauty and merit on his firſt arrival in London. He blamed the world for its want of diſcernment; and, impatient to hear its opinion of his ſiſter, he made inquiries, the anſwers to which harrowed up his ſoul. Inſtead of *avoiding*, he now *ſought* the Earl of Glanville with determined perſeverance, and angrily demanded to ſee his ſiſter. His lordſhip replied, with as much compoſure as it was in his power to aſſume, that it was not in his power to communicate the lady's addreſs; but that he believed ſhe was well and happy. "Not in your power to tell me the reſidence of your *wife!*" returned the indignant Aubrey. "My lord, I muſt have this matter clearly explained." His lordſhip anſwered, that he really was at a loſs to underſtand the captain's language, as he was quite unconſcious of deſerving the

honour-

honourable name of hufband. More warmth followed on Aubrey's fide, and more civil farcafms on his lordfhip's. The interview terminated in a rencontre in Hyde Park, where Aubrey expiated his rafh forgetfulnefs of the laws of God and man with his life; while Glanville retired from the fatal field, loaded with the far deeper fin of *fyftematic perfevering* depravity. Nor let it be fuppofed, that in flying from human punifhment he efcaped the inevitable lot of guilt; he carried the fcorpion remorfe in his own bofom, and the foul-harrowing refemblance of the dying Aubrey and the diftracted Sophia followed him to every clime through which he paffed, like Cain, a fugitive and a wanderer.

It was in one of thofe unhappy moments in which the finner flies for refuge to the hopes of annihilation, that Lord Glanville betook himfelf to the defperate folace of infidelity. He had, indeed,

indeed, ample caufe to wifh that the grave would not give up its cold inhabitant, "with twenty mortal murders on their crowns;" and as a man with good conftitution at feven and twenty might reafonably look forward to an ample fhare of the good things of life's feaft, he imagined that forty years hence he fhould be very well contented to yield his feat at the banquet to fome younger gueft, and to drop into eternal fleep. He knew, indeed, that difeafes and accidents fometimes terminated the fublunary career at an earlier period than the term which he had chofen for his own exiftence; but then he refolved to be extremely careful of his health, to avoid all dangerous purfuits, and to conduct himfelf with the prudence of one who was confcious that all his hopes were fet upon *one* die. The reader will recollect, that, at the time I fpeak of, the immortalizing elixir was not fo much

much as dream' of, nor were mechanics brought to ſuch high perfection as to furniſh an apparatus to prevent people from being killed by lightning, drowned, burnt, or breaking their necks. Certainly if theſe, or any ſimilar inſtances of the perfectibility of human ſcience, had been then known, Lord Glanville would have liberally patronized ſuch happy inventions.

After many years baniſhment, the earl began, to hope that time had ſo far obliterated the remembrance of his paſt offences, as to permit him to return to his native country, and there to obtain that political rank, and popular applauſe for which he had long panted. Aubrey had no relations to proſecute his murderer; the unpleaſant rumours attending that tranſaction had died away, and indeed his lordſhip could urge many circumſtances to extenuate his offence in that particular. He had been, it was well

well known, grofsly infulted in his own houfe; he had endeavoured to decline the challenge; after Aubrey fell, his attentions to him were moft humane and generous; he had fupplied him with the beft chirurgical aid, and had even deputed his particular friend O'Faughn to attend him, with a charge not to leave him while life remained. His lordfhip hoped that if the ftory fhould be revived, as the caufe of the difpute had been but imperfectly known, he might difguife and colour it in the way that would beft fuit his own reputation; and he was perfuaded that no one *could* know that he had long practifed firing at a mark before he took aim at the breaft of the unfortunate Aubrey. As to Sophia, the laft intelligence he had received of that unhappy girl was, that fhe had recovered her fenfes, but was fallen into a deep decline. Consumption ranks among *incurable* difeafes; doubtlefs, therefore, fhe

ſhe would ſoon be no more, and thus the whole buſineſs was got rid of, at the expence of four thouſand pounds that had been veſted in the funds, and the income annually remitted to maintain the boy.

His lordſhip, therefore, once more ſet forward as a matrimonial adventurer; and, though the youthful bloom on his cheek had deepened into manly brown, an earl at forty with a large *unincumbered* eſtate, is no bad match. The conteſt of rival belles was, however, this time ſoon terminated; and the ſprightly charms of Lady Caroline Lewſon prevailed over every competitor. She had, indeed, many advantages; her fortune was handſome, and this, though his lordſhip had brought his own finances into a deſirable ſtate during his travels, was very agreeable to a man who loved ſplendour and courted popularity. Her connexions were among the firſt nobility; a delightful

ful inducement to one who wiſhed to be mightieſt among the mighty, and whoſe hereditary conſequence had been impaired by abſence. She loved gaiety; no bad qualification in a wife to a perſon who had quarrelled with ſelf-reflection. Wit and vivacity were her chief characteriſtics; and theſe muſt be agreeable additions to domeſtic ſociety, eſpecially as his lordſhip found that philoſophy did not always baniſh tormenting thoughts.

With many a "wanton beck and wreathing ſmile" did Lady Caroline invite the earl's attention; but no ſooner was that object gained, than the manners of the charmer changed, and he who, as a common acquaintance, ſeemed almoſt courted, when a profeſſed lover was treated with cold indifference. Lord Glanville had really been amuſed by this lady's agreeable manners, and he felt all his pride rouſed at her diſdain. Rather than give the world room to ſay

that his offers had been rejected, he bravely resolved to encounter the miseries which a capricious disposition must inflict upon the person who is most exposed to its tyranny. Perhaps he also relied on the infallibility of his recipe to break female hearts; for I am persuaded that love was only the ostensible reason that determined him to press the suit with the father, with an eagerness proportioned to the young lady's increasing disregard. His behaviour was so full of urbanity, and his settlements so liberal, that Lord Lewson did not confine himself to a mere assent. He *commanded* his daughter to receive the earl of Glanville as her husband.

An affecting scene now ensued. Though, from the errors of a polished education, and a life too dissipated to admit of reflection, Lady Caroline had been induced to act the coquet, by aspiring to universal admiration; her principles

ciples were good, and her heart moſt ſincerely devoted to a brave young officer, the ſon of a man of fortune, and her father's particular friend. Lord Lewſon had been induced to approve of this connexion, which began in childhood, and had been confirmed by all the romantic ties of interchanged letters, pictures, rings, and other pledges of eternal love. Juſt at the period when the lady entered upon the career of high life, duty called her lover to a diſtant part of the world, and ſhe unhappily reſolved to diſpel the real ſorrow which ſhe felt at his abſence, by indulging in the blameable amuſement of "bringing home hearts by dozens." To prove her fidelity to her dear Mitford, ſhe regularly ſent him a voluminous account of her triumphs; and he, in return, acquainted his charmer with the laurels that he had acquired in the bloody field of Mars. She had juſt diſpatched a packet

packet filled with an account of Lord Glanville's ſubjugation, in which ſhe ſketched his character with preciſion, and deſcribed his dolorous indignation at finding himſelf faſt in her toils, with infinite wit, when ſhe received her father's mandate to receive this ſlighted captive, this man whom ſhe at once deſpiſed and hated, as her huſband. The lovely tyrants who are now in the zenith of female power, and pity poor Lady Caroline's diſtreſs will do well to aſk themſelves if it was wholly undeſerved.

In vain did the poor lady plead her diſlike, nay her abhorrence of the man whom her father had choſen; Lord Lewſon had witneſſed the pains ſhe *once* took to enſnare him. In vain did ſhe refer to the promiſe ſhe had once given Mitford; her behaviour during his abſence reſembled any other character more than that of a *conſtant* nymph.

If

If ſhe reminded her father of his own conſent, Lord Lewſon could reply that it was known to be conditional, and ceaſed on his ſuppoſing his daughter's affections had veered to another object. She wept, knelt, intreated; all was termed caprice and affectation. She even informed Lord Glanville of the ſtate of her heart. But the earl was perſuaded that the "ſuperior dignity of a huſband who would ever love her with manly tenderneſs," would ſoon efface every trace of a juvenile attachment. His honour, he alſo obſerved, was too far pledged to permit him to retreat; and he could not but hope that Lady Caroline's diſtreſs proceeded rather from the amiable terrors of virgin delicacy, than from the motive which ſhe had been pleaſed to ſuggeſt. He aſſured Lord Lewſon, that he had ſtudied his daughter's character, that he ſaw all its weakneſſes, and almoſt fancied them

virtues;

virtues; ſince he was convinced that they proceeded from the moſt excellent intentions. Lord Lewſon believed that his daughter's happineſs muſt be ſafe, when committed to the guardianſhip of a man who could utter ſuch noble ſentiments; and the weeping, trembling, giddy, romantic Lady Caroline became Counteſs of Glanville: not, however, till ſhe had bid Mitford an eternal adieu, in terms dictated by her father, but tranſcribed with ſuch an unſteady hand, and blotted with ſo many tears, that it was evident her former ties would predominate over thoſe which ſhe was going to form.

An union thus formed did not promiſe happineſs; but fortune, or rather let me ſay that *ſeemingly* fortuitous combination of circumſtances, which conducts human affairs *often* to the temporal puniſhment of the wicked, but *always* to the eternal advantage of the good, ſoon blaſted the faint

faint hope that even *tolerable* comfort could reſult from theſe ill-omened nuptials. A favourite ſervant of the bride's, who had lived with her from her infancy, was confined in the country by ill health the very winter that her lady made the conqueſt ſo fatal to her repoſe. Soon after the nuptials Margaret was ſummoned to attend her miſtreſs, who ſtill choſe to have her about her perſon. As this woman poſſeſſed a good heart, and a ſound judgment, ſhe endeavoured to reconcile the mourner to her lot, and to direct her attention to the practice of thoſe duties which would in time ſoften the rigour of her fate. But in the midſt of theſe prudent conſolations, ſhe was interrupted by the appearance of her new lord. Margaret trembled and turned pale at the ſight of him, the ſound of his voice increaſed her conſternation. Trembling with exceſſive horror, ſhe faintly inquired if his name had not

not been Herbert. Lord Glanville ſtarted at that ſuggeſtion as if a lion had croſſed him in his path. The features of Margaret reminded him of poor Sophy's attendant; he endeavoured to give her impertinence a ſevere reproof; but ſhe had already fainted, and as his weak knees could no longer ſupport him, he was glad to throw himſelf upon the ſopha and to conceal his guilty face.

This ſcene was perfectly *intelligible* to the young counteſs. The ſtory of Mrs. Herbert, her loveline ſs, meekneſs, and entire ſecluſion, the ſuſpicious conduct of her huſband, her fondneſs for her little boy, and the myſterious event which terminated Margaret's knowledge of her hiſtory, had been often repeated, as nurſery tales, and cauſed many a tear to ſtream "o'er the ſoft features of" Lady Caroline's "*April* face." It was eaſy to connect this ſtory and that of the unfortunate Aubrey, to whoſe cataſtrophe

trophe ſhe had often heard people allude; and Lady Glanville's quick imagination ſaw the ſeducer of innocence, and the murderer of its protector, in the perſon of her wedded lord. Pride and reſentment had taken full poſſeſſion of her ſoul; and, inſtead of regretting theſe indelible ſtains in her huſband's character, ſhe ſeemed pleaſed with any circumſtances that tended to ſtrengthen thoſe diſcordant paſſions. She ſtood for ſome moments enjoying his humiliation, and contraſting his guilty ſhame with thoſe ideas of unſullied virtue which ſhe had aſſociated with the image of her beloved Mitford, before ſhe left him to *endeavour* to recover his recollection.

Indeed Lord Glanville's ſituation was humiliating in the extreme. Independent of his wiſh to ſupport the character of correct morals, the declining ſtate of Lord Lewſon's health gave him a cogent reaſon to wiſh that nothing might tran-

ſpire to his diſadvantage. The old earl had ſeveral *good things* to beſtow, and his wife's portion was made in ſome degree to depend upon his own conduct. Thus circumſtanced, even the proud ſpirit of Lord Glanville allowed that it would be beſt to temporize; but *how* would be the difficulty. Suppoſing Margaret not inacceſſible to bribes, he perceived his lady knew too much of Sophia's hiſtory to allow him to *diſclaim* that connexion, eſpecially ſince his own confuſion muſt have confirmed all her ſuſpicions.

He could, therefore, only gild his faults with a little *amiable* candour, and a few ſoft touches of *convenient* morality. He requeſted an interview with Lady Glanville, admitted that he had fallen into the common faults of youth, ſpoke of human frailty, of the irreſiſtible power which artful beauty might acquire in a heart formed of ſuch *penetrable* materials

 as

as his own, rejoiced in his early eſcape from the ſyren's ſnare, lamented the unfortunate rencontre with her ruffian brother, and depicted the miſeries with which one indiſcretion had clouded his morn of life, with more glowing colours than a man of faſhion would chooſe to employ when merely acknowledging the fault of having kept a miſtreſs. He thence adverted to his now brightened proſpects; and contraſted the criminal pleaſures reſulting from affairs of gallantry, with the pure delights that flow from an union with a woman of honour: but, as he raiſed his eyes to ſee the tear of forgiveneſs ſteal down Lady Glanville's moiſtened cheek, he was ſurpriſed at hearing her burſt into a loud laugh at the antics of her lap-dog; and, inſtead of articulating his pardon in *broken* accents, requeſting that he would "only look at the dear groteſque creature." "But really, my lord," continued

nued ſhe, "I do now recollect that you ſaid you wiſhed to talk with me about ſomething of importance; may I requeſt that you would begin again?"

The moſt eloquent of orators would have been diſconcerted at ſuch an unexpected turn. Lord Glanville bit his lips, attempted to renew the ſubject, and had proceeded as far as the name of Aubrey, when the counteſs begged him not to give himſelf any trouble. It was impoſſible, ſhe obſerved, that his lordſhip's paſt or preſent conduct could be of the leaſt importance to her. She added, if he had any thing to communicate reſpecting Major Mitford, ſhe owned the intelligence would be intereſting. Lord Glanville, in a tone of ſullen anger, intreated her to remember that ſhe was now a wife. "I am unwilling," returned the lady with quickneſs, "to claim a title which is *rather doubtful*; but I ſhall always remember that you are the man

man to whom my father *believes* me married. You have penetration, my lord; doubtless you see the expediency of avoiding disquisitions that may lead to unpleasant altercations, and interrupt the *harmony* now so happily subsisting between us." Her manner precluded all possibility of reply on the earl's part; and the arrangement that I have already mentioned was adopted by tacit agreement.

When a wedded pair, refining upon the original institution of marriage, convert it into a state of perpetual hostility, the combatants, doubtless, find great advantage in that intimate union which allows them to make continual progress in the art of tormenting; and, as perfect *good*, or I would rather call it *high* breeding, must not descend to those gross vulgarisms, by which "Ralph of the mill," and "Sue of the green" let each other know that they are really quarrelling, it is

is obliged to have recourſe to ſome double-diſtilled corroding acid, in order to counteract the ſuavity of its muſcles, and the harmoniouſneſs of its cadences. Lady Glanville's invention could not ſupply her with one hint which ſeemed ſo likely to wring her huſband's "galled ſpirit," as by treating him in public with an affectation of tenderneſs and reſpect, proportioned to the civil contempt that characterized her manner at their private interviews. She was continually complimenting his lordſhip on his rectitude and integrity, ſhe praiſed the open ſincerity of his conduct; and if any one congratulated her upon her happineſs in being united to ſuch an *honourable* man, ſhe always anſwered that he had more than fulfilled her expectations. Sometimes his lordſhip's conſummate modeſty was ſo much affected by her eulogiums, that he was obliged to leave the room. His only chance was to get the

the converſation firſt into his own hands, and then Lady Glanville's ſweetneſs of temper, prudence, and connubial virtues, were dreſſed in as gorgeous apparel as ſhe had beſtowed on his good *principles.* Our ſex is accuſed of loving flattery; probably that may be the reaſon why the earl found it impoſſible to ſubdue the non-chalance of the counteſs, who generally leaned her arms upon the table, fixed her eyes upon his face, and when he had completed the delineation of her character declared it was ſo adorned by his kind partiality that ſhe really did not know herſelf.

Hitherto the advantage was all on Lady Glanville's ſide; but the return of Major Mitford to England gave the earl a decided victory. I have already obſerved, that Lady Glanville was a woman of principle; but I only mean by that declaration, that ſhe avoided the *extremes* of guilt. Her principles, as we have

already ſeen, did not prevent her from gratifying her pride and revenge by puniſhing her offending huſband, inſtead of endeavouring to reclaim him. The ſame imprudent, and indeed culpable deſign, induced her ſtill further to exaſperate him by frequent interviews with the man whom ſhe acknowledged to be the poſſeſſor of her heart. Confident in her own virtue, ſhe diſowned all idea of impropriety while enjoying the ſociety that taſte and affection led her to prefer; and as ſhe conſtantly took care that the major's viſits ſhould be ſanctioned by the preſence of ſome third perſon of unqueſtionable character, ſhe imagined that her reputation was ſecured from reproach. This unhappy ſcheme brought with it the puniſhment which its blameable motive deſerved. That attachment which time and abſence had partly ſubdued was revived by the preſence of the beloved object. She contraſted Mitford's tender,

tender, reſpectful, yet conſtrained attentions, with Glanville's hypocritical aſſiduities; the genuine worth of ſterling integrity, with the poliſhed ſentimental tinſel worn by a profeſſed diſſembler; the happineſs that ſhe *might* have enjoyed, with the miſery that *was* her portion. Theſe thoughts perpetually occurred to her imagination, and in time eraſed all the playful ideas of wit and vivacity; and, inſtead of torturing Lord Glanville by her ſcheme of a platonic attachment, ſhe found her own tranquillity deſtroyed.

Ruminating on the peculiar circumſtances of her ſituation, the unhappy counteſs was ſometimes tempted to bring forward the ſtory of Sophia Aubrey, whom, by ſome papers that had accidentally fallen into her hands, ſhe diſcovered to have been Lord Glanville's *legal* wife. As the exiſtence of that lady at the time of her marriage could

be

be proved, the earl's ſecond contract was null; and the tie that ſeparated her from her beloved Mitford was of courſe diſſolved. She was reſtrained from purſuing this deſign by affection to her only daughter, who ſhe conſidered would, by ſuch a diſcovery, be degraded from the rank of heireſs of an illuſtrious houſe, and immenſe wealth, and placed in the deſpiſed ſtate of an illegitimate orphan.

While maternal tenderneſs thus ſucceſsfully combated Lady Glanville's affection for her lover, ſlander, regardleſs of the precautions by which ſhe ſuppoſed her reputation was ſecured, added her name to the ſhameful liſt of faithleſs wives. The giddy and the criminal eagerly believed a tale that gratified ſpleen, and gave guilt the diabolical ſatisfaction of exulting in the extended empire of iniquity. The ſtory ſoon got into the public prints; and the portraits of the counteſs and her ſuppoſed paramour

exhibited in a popular publication, intended to countenance vice by familiarizing thoughtleſs minds with the hiſtory of its triumphs dreſſed in the ſoft language of apologetical ſubtlety. If *only* Lord Glanville had ſeen theſe portraits, if the rumours of her diſhonour had *only* reached his ears, the counteſs would have ſung Io triumphant; but ſhe was not of a diſpoſition to ſupport public infamy. Her ſpirit drooped under the imputation, and conſcience whoſe ſtill ſmall voice had eſcaped obſervation during the uproar of the paſſions, now prevented her from ſolacing herſelf with the comforts of innocence, by whiſpering many a *wilful* deviation from the ſtraight path of rectitude. In vain did ſhe tear herſelf from the pleaſure ſhe moſt enjoyed, by declining Mitford's viſits, and *endeavouring* to think of him no more; the boſom monitor now told her, that this renunciation ſhould have taken place at the altar when

when ſhe became Lord Glanville's wife. Sometimes ſhe endeavoured to aſcribe all her miſeries to the conduct of her huſband and her father; but again ſhe remembered her youthful coquetries, and ſhe felt compelled to do Lord Glanville the juſtice of acknowledging, that ſhe had invariably adhered to her *original* deſign of making him *miſerable*. Remorſe now heightened the effects of chagrin and diſguſt, and diſſipation no longer afforded an interval of eaſe. Lady Glanville poſſeſſed great ſuſceptibility; ſhe fancied herſelf expoſed to the taunt of ſcorn; ſhe every where met cool friends and ſarcaſtic obſervers; her melancholy increaſed, till ſhe could no longer wear even that exterior of cheerfulneſs which is a neceſſary paſſport to the circles of faſhion. I have already told the reſult. Let thoſe who ſeverely condemn this unhappy woman beware of forming an indiſſoluble tie with a

mind determined to diſclaim its obligations. If "Jove laughed at lovers' oaths," the Chriſtian Deity will not *lightly* paſs over the wanton breach of thoſe ſolemn obligations which are ſanctioned by his unalterable laws.

CHAP. IX.

A modern Melange; consisting of Tragedy, Comedy, Romance, Farce, and a little of the Pantomine.

My readers, doubtless, are all of opinion, that the long narrative which I have given of Lord Glanville's married life is not very favourable to the fair Melisandriania's hope of a coronet; and they will probably ascribe the earl's dejection to a more rankling wound than the "blind archer" ever inflicted on amorous sixty-eight.

Some circumstances, however, soon transpired, that seemed to favour Lady FitzJohn's prognostics. In the first place, his lordship certainly was remarkably attentive

attentive to the whole family. He intreated that Mr. Artremidorus would follow his game over his manors; he took ſnuff twice out of Sir Peter's box, with an excuſe that it was ſo excellent he could not refrain from being troubleſome; and he ſo much admired her ladyſhip's cabriole chairs, that he begged to know where he might order a ſet like them. But to crown the whole, on being appealed to reſpecting the figure of a French dancer, who reigned the Helen of the day, he obſerved that ſhe was the exact prototype of Miſs Fitz-John. Her ladyſhip gave Sir Peter a ſignificant nod, and could ſcarcely refrain from ſaying "There's for you," while Lady Caroline bit her lips, it was *ſuppoſed*, from vexation.

But this was not all. Soon after his return to the caſtle, Lord Glanville's melancholy evidently increaſed, and he was obſerved to devote a conſiderable degree

of

of attention to the reading of ſome papers which he always carefully depoſited in his cabinet when interrupted in the peruſal. Lady Caroline's eye once glanced over the ſuperſcription, and ſhe plainly read "Letters from Mr. Brudenell." There happened to be an eminent ſolicitor of that name, whom it was faſhionable to conſult on the ſcore of ſettlements, and it was *poſſible* theſe letters might be on that ſubject.

To make the matter ſtill plainer, his lordſhip one morning, inſtead of hurrying to his ſtudy, as was his cuſtom after breakfaſt, remained in the library; and, by hinting to his daughter that he wiſhed ſhe would keep herſelf diſengaged, ſoon gained an opportunity for private converſation. Lady Caroline conſequently, as ſoon as the company had withdrawn, placed herſelf in an attentive poſture, with her eyes fixed on the ſuperb time-piece which was placed beneath the buſt

buſt of Xenophon. A profound ſilence of one hour enſued, only interrupted by his lordſhip's frequent ſighs. *None of my readers need be told that ſighing is a ſign of love.*

Lady Caroline had now recourſe to her netting-box; but ſhe laid it down on her father's beginning to hem, and requeſting her to be attentive, and ſhe again contemplated the ornaments of the time-piece. At length the earl ſo far ſubdued his taciturnity as to aſk her if ſhe thought Glanville caſtle dull. Her ladyſhip anſwered, "Sometimes;" and all again was ſilent.

"Should you," reſumed his lordſhip after another pauſe, "like a companion of your own ſex, and nearly of your own age?"

"It will depend," replied her ladyſhip, "upon her diſpoſition, and the circumſtances under which ſhe is introduced."

"I am

"I am perſuaded, Caroline," reſumed his lordſhip, "that your long experience of my confidence and affection has left you little to apprehend on *thoſe* points. You know that I have hitherto ſacrificed my own peculiar wiſhes to what I conceive to be your welfare with invariable generoſity. If the ſcene ſhould now change, if my own peace of mind—I mean if my own comforts—Pſhaw, I cannot exactly explain myſelf—If the duty I owe to my family—I wonder what ails me, I am remarkably agitated this morning."

"I do not wonder at it," replied Lady Caroline, who thought the above hints a little ominous of a mother-in-law. She then, with great *ſangfroid*, obſerved that the wind was eaſterly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his lordſhip; "then it muſt have veered two points ſince I examined the weather-cock this morning. I am always glad to have

theſe

these sensations accounted for. An awkward dizziness, a strange palpitation——"

"Very disagreeable symptoms indeed at your lordship's age," observed Lady Caroline with sarcastic emphasis.

His lordship was one of those very wise people who "smile at no jest." He asked his daughter, if his friend Signior Pelazzo did not complain of a fluttering at his heart, and a difficulty of breathing, three months before he died.

"Yes certainly," returned the lady.

"And what did his physicians prescribe?"

"Exercise and his native air. But they never mentioned a young companion."

"Yet he died, though I know he conformed exactly to their prescription. Certainly the art of physic is lost. Its professors are mere coxcomical disputants, and the lives of the human race are sacrificed to the experiments of empirics.

pirics. They too recommended me to try *my native* air, and I muſt own I think my cough leſs rigid ſince I came to Glaſſville caſtle. I would have you ſpeak ingenuouſly Caroline; do my ſymptoms of atrophy increaſe?"

"I rather think, my lord, you look paler."

"Well, that is a good ſign; for my colour was hectic."

"And ſomewhat thinner ſurely."

"All favourable ſymptoms; that proceeds from my being leſs hydropical. My appetite too improves; I reliſhed a chicken yeſterday without any ſtimulant. I am ſatisfied with myſelf; for I am convinced that it is only an eaſterly wind that has diſordered me this morning."

"Has your lordſhip any thing further to communicate?"

"You muſt be ſenſible that I have a pleaſure in confiding to you all my ſecrets.' The liberal plan on which I have

educated

educated you has happily ſubſtituted an enlarged recipriocity of ſentiment, inſtead of the contracted bond of command and obedience. When I ſay that I am in expectation of ſome *particular* friends, I conceive that I enſure them ſuch a welcome from you as will teſtify how truly our minds are in uniſon."

It has been often obſerved, that an adherence to ſyſtem not only benumbs our intellectual powers, but actually ſuſpends the free uſe of our bodily faculties. I am unwilling that philoſophy ſhould be deprived of the benefit of a remark which has been ſo liberally aſſigned to the *ſole* uſe of thoſe who venerate the cuſtoms and the inſtitutions of paſt ages. Lord Glanville had educated his daughter in the principles of inveſtigation and independence, as explained by the neweſt commentary on ratiocination, and *he* ſaw in her conduct an exemplification of all his enlarged ideas. Now, as all

my

my readers may not be gifted with thofe fcientific optics, which cannot only *refufe* to fee what is *vifible*, but alfo *can* difcern what does not *exift*, it may not be amifs to inform them of fome of the confequences which *were* to refult from the earl's ideas of education; elfe they may be apt to difcover nothing in the preceding converfation, except that the earl was afraid of dying, and Lady Caroline afraid of a mother in law: whereas his lordfhip meant it for implicit confidence on his part, and the young lady for fympathetic acquiefcence on her's.

Lord Glanville then intended that his daughter, though feminine in her perfon, and attractive in her manners, fhould poffefs a mafculine mind, and be in every refpect fuperior to the little vanities, weakneffes, and terrors of her fex. Her tafte was to be correct, her judgment unclouded by bigotry, her temper unruffled by any ftrong paffions,

all

all her actions were to be guided by prudence, and virtue was to be the constant inhabitant of her bosom. Not that humble virtue, which, conscious of human frailty, looks continually to divine support, but virtue as exhibited in the beautiful visions of Plato and other heathen moralists, stern, undeviating, self-confident, unrelenting, virtue; a quality which, if it *ever* existed, is at least not congenial to the nature of frail, dependent man.

As to her behaviour to himself, he proposed that she should comfort him for all his past disappointments and sorrows. She was to be his friend, his confidant, his constant companion. Her attachment to him was to be quite distinct from the ties of nature, because she was to be instructed that those ties are merely the bond of prejudice. It was not to be the result of duty; because duty implies obligation, and must there-

fore be unſuitable to the nature of an independent, reflecting being.—I ſhall get bewildered in this maze of metaphyſics if I proceed further; and as I really do not underſtand this ſcheme of filtering our feelings, I will only ſtate the effects of it. After Lady Caroline's regard for her father had been purified from the *ſcum* of natural affection, and the *droſs* of filial duty, common obſervers could not perceive that *any* was left.

When a recipe fails, we ſhould not always cenſure the phyſician. The compounder of drugs may be careleſs, or however ſovereign the remedy, it may not ſuit all conſtitutions. I have been ſo ſeriouſly aſſured that the wiſeſt method of ameliorating the human character is, to leave off the old way of dreſſing and pruning it, and to let it ſhoot out with unreſtrained vigour, in the hope that it will produce a few nondeſcript wildings

wildings, that I have cause to lament my own pertinacity, in preferring the well-flavoured fruit that early subjugation used to produce, to this species of redundant vegetation, which is so very prolific in leaves, and so lamentably barren in *useful* produce. It is, doubtless, owing to my ill-conducted education, which has given me a wrong association of ideas; but I never can read a profound system of instruction, formed on the basis of inherent independence and natural perfectibility, without having Laputa's sages before my eyes, and I suppose myself investigating the apparatus of the worthy who was trying to extract sun-beams from cucumbers.

But to return to my narrative. From the above hints, the judicious reader will observe, that it is possible that the conversation I lately repeated might induce Lady Caroline to dread her father's plans, and to dislike the friends whom

ſhe was to welcome with ſuch cordial ſatisfaction. As no freſh addition was made to the dinner-party except the FitzJohns, ſhe began to aſk herſelf if they could be the expected gueſts; and, connecting the latter part of his lordſhip's diſcourſe with the ſecret that he ſeemed anxious to divulge, ſhe aſked herſelf if Meliſandriania could be the perſon pitched upon for her future companion. One whimſical idea followed another. In what capacity could Miſs FitzJohn be eſtabliſhed in the family? "As Lady Glanville?" "Impoſſible!" "No, not impoſſible." "Improbable and ridiculous then." "True, but ridiculous things often happen, and improbabilities ſometimes come to paſs." "Very provoking." "Granted; but widowers in the decline of life *have* provoked their grown-up daughters by a ſimilar conduct. The girl was handſome, his lordſhip a valetudinarian. It argued great

great weakneſs and relaxation of mind to ſuffer the concerns of the *material* body to unfit the imagination for its ſublime operations; and a man who could abandon Bolingbroke and Rouſſeau for Buchan, and give up experiments on carbonic gas to compound medicines, muſt be ſo deplorably deficient in mental energy, as to find amuſement in the converſation of a girl who had not an idea beyond a gold bandeau, or a new overture."

Lady Caroline at laſt concluded that it really was likely that Lord Glanville would marry Miſs FitzJohn, and relieve his hypochondriaſis with folding thread-papers, and painting boxes to hold ſilk-worms. It would certainly be mortifying, on *ſome* accounts, to have a Lady Paramount fixed in Glanville caſtle; but, as ſhe ſhould then be left at leiſure to purſue her darling ſtudies and amuſements, and relieved from the tedium of eternal

eternal complaints, and the ſtudy of pulſation, ſhe fancied the thing might do, eſpecially as ſhe ſhould have one certain reſource againſt ennui—a fool always at hand to laugh at and to torment. At all events, if home became intolerable, the independent fortune left her by her grandfather, Lord Lewſon, would afford her an eſtabliſhment of her own, even if ſhe refuſed to comply with the urgent ſolicitude of any of her *numerous* adorers, a circumſtance which her lofty notions of the rights of her ſex rendered *not* improbable.

Such were the reflections that occupied Lady Caroline's mind as ſhe ſat at table; and the reſult was, a determination to divert the chagrin that her father's converſation had inſpired, by encouraging the folly of the FitzJohns: a ſcheme certain of ſucceſs, as her ladyſhip's expectations and hopes were pretty clearly

clearly aſcertained by all diſcerning obſervers. Lady Caroline termed this only a little harmleſs badinage, reſorted to out of ſelf-defence, and ſhe ſaw no reaſon why the jeſt ſhould not be purſued. Is not folly lawful game? is not pleaſure a warrantable wiſh? and if folly appears in the form of a father, or pleaſure takes the ſhape of filial diſreſpect, the character is ſtill the ſame; and you muſt liberate your mind from thoſe falſe combinations which have made you ſuppoſe that you owe *moral* obligations for *phyſical* benefits. The authors of your exiſtence are merely human beings, antecedent to you one generation, but as much machines in the hand of nature as the tulip when it forms and foſters the offset. If, indeed, your predeceſſors are wiſe and good, you owe them affection and reverence; but if you pay that tribute to the *parent*, and not to the abſtract

quality, you are an *idolatrous* ſlave to prejudice, and not a calm admirer of what "is perfect, fair, and good."

Lady Caroline inherited her mother's vivacity, and was tolerably ſucceſsful at raillery. The attack began during the deſſert, by her ſending a ſlice of pine to her father, with a hope that he would eat it, as it had juſt been recommended by Miſs FitzJohn, for poſſeſſing the true Heſperian flavour. A gentleman of the name of Raymond, encouraged by a nod from Lady Caroline, informed Meliſandriania that he had long ſuſpected her of being one of the fair guardians of thoſe celebrated gardens; but he obſerved, ſurely ſhe had neglected her charge in ſuffering the fruit to be *ſtolen* for the uſe of mortals. Lady Caroline, perceiving by Miſs FitzJohn's unmeaning laugh, that ſhe had already arrived at the end of her mythological know-

ledge, reproved Raymond for undue ſeverity, by confounding a preſent to a *very particular* friend with a general breach of truſt. Raymond and Lady Caroline, like Prince Prettyman and his taylor, continued to give hit for hit, to the amuſement of the company, who, beſide the admiration which the wit of an earl's daughter muſt always excite, did not diſlike a little raillery at the expence of ignorance and affectation.

Ignorance has, however, a peculiar method of defending itſelf; for while other people call out "A palpable hit," it generally joins in the ſhout, ſuppoſing its adverſary to be wounded. Lady FitzJohn was too well pleaſed at obſerving every eye turned upon her daughter, to conſider any thing but whether ſhe ſat in an elegant poſition; and, being convinced that ſhe really looked pictureſque, ſhe complacently ob-

ſerved

ferved to the gentleman next her, that a fmile and a blufh always made young people look *interefting*.

A look from Lord Glanville at laft compelled Lady Caroline to relinquifh the prey which fhe had now hunted into the reftlefs fidget of awkward affectation. His lordfhip always thought *quizzing* an unpolite practice, noways confiftent with the popular manners of elegant breeding. On fuch an important occafion he deemed it expedient to trefpafs upon his daughter's natural indedependence; and I muft obferve, that when his *nod was* given, it was quite as authoritative as that of Jupiter. We well know that Juno and Minerva, after it had awed them into filence, began to fcold as foon as they got out of the council-chamber; and poor Lady Caroline was only obliged to reprefs her frolicfome humour till fhe was fafe in the drawing-room.

Profeffed wits are fo far ferviceable to fociety, that they *compel* the over-bearing and the importunate to refpect its inftitutions. But there is a degree of folly, as I have juft obferved, that is invulnerable. Very little encouragement was fufficient to make the FitzJohns exhibit in full ftyle. Lady Caroline had only to name mufic, and Melifandriania fung and played; or to talk of grace, to make her fhew all her ballet fteps, ftalk round the room in Italian majefty, or fix herfelf in fome Grecian attitude. If a popular poem was mentioned, Mifs FitzJohn favoured you with a trite quotation. No fafhionable amufement or elegant ornament could be mentioned, but this verfatile genius gave you its hiftory, or defcribed it by fomething that fhe wore in her drefs; concluding her obfervations with the queftion of, "Is not it immenfely prepoffeffing."

"Wonder-

"Wonderful and magnanimous," repeated Lady Caroline, who, weary of playing off a puppet that was too uniform to ſhew her own addreſs, lolled liſtleſsly on the ſopha, while Meliſandriania performed her *tour* of graces. "I proteſt, Lady FitzJohn," continued ſhe, "if had ſuch a daughter I ſhould be wretched."

The fond mother ſtarted, and uttered an exclamatory "Madam!" at this obſervation. "Aye, wretched," obſerved the ſarcaſtic eulogiſt; "for only think what a treaſure is intruſted to your keeping! what ſpirit! what infinite beauty! what immeaſurable attractions! I expect to hear of the revival of chivalry's heroic deeds. The very villages will ſwarm with knights, and W—— fair will become a tournament. But, dear Meliſandriania, I hope you do not pour forth your agreeables thus unmercifully in *all* companies. You ſhould contrive

to look leſs lovely, or you muſt devote your reputation a ſacrifice to the ſpleen of thoſe forlorn damſels whom you deprive of adorers. But I believe that caution is too late."

"O lud, madam, you quite terrify me. What do the ſpiteful creatures ſay?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; merit muſt have its ſhade to purſue it you know. Now, to prove that I utterly deſpiſe all their rumours, and think you quite ſuperior to *mercenary* conqueſts, do let us have Lucretia ſtabbing herſelf in your beſt ſtyle, juſt when Lord Glanville comes into the room. Nay, if you heſitate, I ſhall ſuſpect that you are *particular* in your *views*."

There is a manner of aſking a thing to be done, which deprives us of the power of doing it well. The lovely Meliſandriania had no objection to give the earl a little caſt of her powers in the ſublime;

blime; but by touching a neighbouring cord, owing to her confufion at Lady Caroline's fuggeftion, fhe produced the ridiculous. For though his lordfhip, on his entering the room, was defired to "Look," either from the fhortnefs of his fight, or from his being in a wrong fituation for beholding the whole contour, he unluckily fuppofed her to be pouring out the coffee, inftead of acting an indignant heroine ftriking the mortal ftroke, that was to clear her polluted honour and give liberty to Rome. While every one elfe, therefore, continued wrapt in filent admiration, his lordfhip, after politely thanking the young lady for undertaking a troublefome office, declared, though it was a beverage he was not in the habit of drinking, he would not decline taking one cup from her. Nothing but a compliment from Lord Glanville could have fupported the FitzJohns againft the general laugh.

The fair performer was, however, fo chagrined, that fhe did not launch into the picturefque any more that evening.

When the company had all retired, the ufual *tête-à-tête* took place at the caftle. That is to fay, Lord Glanville funk into one of his filent reveries, and Lady Caroline, extremely well fatisfied with the part fhe had performed, fat planning frefh mortifications for her deftined ftep-dame. She was roufed from a fcheme that promifed exuberant mirth, by his lordfhip's telling her that her vivacity fometimes tranfgreffed the bounds of propriety. He admitted the purity of her intentions, and confirmed her full right to act as fhe pleafed; and he protefted that he never would in the fmalleft degree fufpect the one, or infringe the other: but he *defired* (and at that word he bent his brow with fomewhat of Jupiter's majefty) that fhe would remember he had fome *weighty* reafons

for

for cultivating the friendſhip of the FitzJohns, and for diſliking Raymond.

Lady Caroline had been taught that no intelligent being owed a tacit aſſent to the aſſertions of another, unleſs thoſe aſſertions correſponded with their own feelings and experience. In this particular inſtance the above criteria were in decided oppoſition to his lordſhip's opinion. As the father's ſentiments were involved in a long concatenation of circumſtances, I chooſe to diſcloſe the daughter's. She thought the FitzJohns vulgar, ſtupid, and diſagreeable, and Mr. Raymond exceſſively amuſing. Poſſibly ſhe might never have thought of the latter in any other point of view than as a perſon who helped to divert the tedium of rural retirement; but, as her father had pointed him out as an object of his diſlike, it was but an act of moral juſtice to analize his character.

Mr.

Mr. Raymond then, ſhe allowed, was only the younger ſon of a younger brother. The harder certainly was his lot. Nobody would have choſen ſuch an origin; but, as we are all creatures of neceſſity, it was unjuſt to reproach him with what he would certainly have wiſhed to avoid. He had beſide no profeſſion; poſſibly that might ariſe from the ſuperior enlargement of his ideas, and his uncommon rectitude. He might have too much liberality and genius to ſubmit to the drudgery of application. Could a capacious intellect devote itſelf to the ſtudy of a part, when it poſſeſſed capabilities to *graſp* the whole? Could a ſoul conſcious of inherent independence ſubmit to be the mere machine of tyrannous coercion, by joining thoſe naval or military ſlaves who, renouncing all moral ideas of rectitude and ſelf-government, trade in plunder and devaſtation, fattening on the miſeries of mankind?

Could

Could he, consistent with the feelings of humanity, study the medicinal art, which must compel him to wish disease and misfortune to all his acquaintance? The science of law must be still more abhorrent to a mind that was probably enamoured of the august vision of natural right, antecedent to all arbitrary combinations of the mighty to oppress the weak. As to theological pursuits, Lady Caroline's sentiments on that head must be too easily divined to make it necessary for me to observe, that she considered an assent to such absurd, self-contradictory dogmas as those which the establishment supported, as sufficient of itself to degrade a character that had no other fault; and her contempt for the clergy was considerably increased by her being persuaded that not one of them visited Glanville castle, but from the distant hope of getting a good living, or from the present enjoyment of eating a good dinner.

 'Tis

'Tis true, the earl's hoſpitable board was frequented by *coloured* coats rather more than *black* ones, and the charge of ſelfiſhneſs *might* be equally aſſigned to both; but as the latter have long poſſeſſed a preſcriptive right to the titles of epicures and graſpalls, Lady Caroline was contented with acceding to a generally-received opinion, and believed the neighbouring eſquires were only influenced by a commendable love of good neighbourhood when they regularly attended at the caſtle on all public days.

But to return to Mr. Raymond: though he was nominally enrolled in the corps of idle men of faſhion, Lady Caroline doubted whether he ought not to be conſidered in the light of a gentleman of a very enlightened and *philoſophical* turn of mind. She pauſed a moment, and then diſcovered in his eaſy addreſs and graceful perſon abundant reaſons to *confirm* that opinion, and ſhe reſolved to

look

look upon him as a being of a higher order.

With refpect to, Mr. Raymond's *moral* character and eftimation in the world, fhe knew no more of him than that he was received on an eafy footing in the beft families. This fometimes produces fervility; but, in juftice to his independent character, fhe could not but acknowledge that he never had acted like a parafite to Lord Glanville; and fhe was perfuaded that his lordfhip's diflike arofe from the manly freedom with which he had always fupported *her* opinions, in preference to her *father's*.

Lady Caroline amufed herfelf with thefe conjectures, and with plaiting her handkerchief into the form of Lady FitzJohn's turban, which fhe fixed over one ear of her Italian greyhound, till it was time to retire. She had, however, given *one* inftance of that acquiefcence with her father's wifhes which recipro-

city of ſentiment could alone inſpire. When the ſervant brought in ſandwiches, ſhe ordered her carriage at an early hour, ſaying that ſhe was determined to ſpend a long morning with the *dear* FitzJohns.

The curricle reached Sir Peter's ſoon after the family had aſſembled to breakfaſt, and in the midſt of her ladyſhip's harangue on the adventures of the preceding day. She had travelled through the *vaſt* round of Lady Caroline's pride, caprice, envy, and inſolence, and had juſt worked herſelf up to that degree of anger which indignantly drops proper names, and adopts the indefinite and *ſafe* term of people. "If people," continued her ladyſhip, "are not ſo handſome as other people, they need not give way to malice; for other people may eaſily gueſs people's motives to prevent ſomebody from uſing their own eyes." As her ladyſhip's ſtyle was more

involved in obſcurity in proportion as her reſentment increaſed, it was a relief to her auditors to hear a carriage ſtop at the door. "What vulgar creature can be come ſo early?" exclaimed Lady FitzJohn; "ſomebody who has miſtaken the houſe for the ware-houſe I ſuppoſe." "As I live," cried Meliſandriania, "the Glanville livery." "Oh!" continued the mother, "doubtleſs his lordſhip come to make apologies for his daughter's rude behaviour. Run love put on your ſtraw-coloured pelice, and blue obi. Here, John, take away theſe trumpery cups, and bring the Salopian tea ſervice. No! there won't be time, we will go without breakfaſt. This comes of Sir Peter's ſaving ſchemes. I would never uſe theſe vulgar things only he wears one *to death* about œconomy."

Lady Caroline's nimble foot almoſt anticipated every alteration. She met

the

the tea-tray at the door, or rather at the bottom of the ſtairs; for John thought that rolling it down was the quickeſt way of getting rid of the odious trumpery for ever. Lady Caroline tripped lightly amidſt the fragments, and was in the breakfaſt-room before Lady Fitz-John had pulled her wig ſtraight, and given the Circaſſian fold to her wrapper.

Concluding that my readers are not ſuch novices as to be ſurpriſed at a little uncertainty in either firſt or ſecond-rate fine ladies, I ſhall only ſtate, that the ladies met almoſt breathleſs with *rapture*. "Dear creature!" "Obliging condeſcenſion!" "Impatience to ſee you." "Thanks for hoſpitality." "Kind attentions," and "Do come often," were poured forth with moſt engaging volubility. Suppoſing ſome of my *young* friends may like a little further ſpecimen of the "polite converſation of ſenſible women" I will proceed:

"But

"But where is the enchanting Melisandriania, I hope she has not taken cold. She must be in voice when she comes to the castle. Lord Glanville is quite wretched till he has heard her sing."

"Dearest Lady Caroline, Melisandriania is ——"

"Right, so you told me. Oh my treacherous memory! Well really this is a tolerably pleasant room. I did not think there was one so good in W——. I vow it is almost comfortable. But the view is horrid. Dear FitzJohn, I wonder a woman of your taste can endure those deplorable buildings. Down with them every stone. Now if the river was turned, and the south slope planted with a few thousand firs, it would be but a trifling expence. ——"

"Oh it would be charming! But that is the town hall, and the market-house."

"True, I make sad miſtakes whenever I talk to the monied intereſt. But now I muſt find fault with *you*. What can be the deſign of that gigantic book-caſe? It is neither Grecian nor Gothic."

"I thought people always had books in their dreſſing-rooms, to ſhew that they read in a morning."

"Aye, but you ſhould put them into ſomething ſlight. A paſte-board ſhelf tied by twopenny ribbon, to hold a few hot preſſed poems for a lounge. Poſitively you muſt turn out that Gog and Magog machine, it makes my head ache to look at it. Pin up ſome aquatinta views inſtead of it.. I'll chooſe you an aſſortment, and I would adviſe you to change them twice a week, 'tis ſo fatiguing to look at the ſame thing long."

"You are infinitely obliging."

"Oh giving hints is my forte. What, is this the cover of a ſopha? Good heavens 'tis a work bag! Why dear Fitz-John,

John, ſurely you don't dearn the counterpanes yourſelf. Three inches long and four wide is the moſt *extreme* ſize, and you never ought to have any thing in it but a knotting ſhuttle, toothpick, and ſmelling bottle."

"I muſt own, Meliſandriania painted it *laſt* year."

"Give it the houſemaid for a cradle quilt. But where is my little Hebe's Port-Feuille? Views in Italy. Aye *any thing* does for Italy."

"Connoiſſeurs ſay Meliſandriania is very exact."

"A terrible fault indeed. Nothing gives an air of taſte but daſhing boldly. Look, if ſhe deepens this out-line, puts a grey waſh in the back ground, furls thoſe clouds, groupes peaſants, or inſerts caſtles, or Etruſcan ruins, or any thing that will make it unlike the original on that hill, then give a warm autumnal tint to the landſcape. ——"

"It

"It is deſigned for ſpring.

"I know it; but always change the ſeaſon. Spring objects look prettieſt where one does not expect to find them. But I am in an amazing hurry, ſo let me turn over her muſic. 'The Red-croſs Knight' and 'Sweet Bird that ſhuns the noiſe of folly.' What a cathedral ſelection. For heaven's ſake, let her get 'Gooſey Gander' and 'Tom Horner' immediately."

"Lady Caroline!"——

"No creature minds the words, and the tunes are ſo ſimply ſweet. The little ſyren's plaintive tone would ſuit them admirably. How I delight to aſſiſt her ſtudies, and to communicate that air of faſhion that would make her irreſiſtible. How I regret not ſeeing her. Give her a thouſand loves, and tell her—I vow I have forgot my lord's meſſage to her. But ſhe muſt remember the

music; I recommend simple melody, Goosey, Goosey Gander."

Exit Lady Caroline, *singing*.

Propitiated by the last speech, Lady FitzJohn in vain shouted an urgent intreaty that she would stay till her daughter came. Lady Caroline raised the key till it reached the pitch of Lady FitzJohn's voice, and, running down stairs, seated herself in the curricle. Then looking up with a gracious bow and inviting smile, kissed her hand to to Miss FitzJohn, who finished her dress time enough to be at the dressing-room window just as her ladyship drove off.

"Lady Caroline is immensely odd," observed Miss FitzJohn.

"Yes," returned her mother, "but I do think she has a good heart."

"I wonder whether she will be *ton* next winter," said Melisandriania.

"I sometimes think her a little deranged," resumed her ladyship.

 "Oh

"Oh that won't ſignify. There was Lady Bell Brazen, and the Hon. Mrs. Dareall, and Miſs Friſk, did as ſtrange things laſt year. Low people ſaid they were crazy, but the world allowed them to be *ton*, and ſo every body imitated them."

"To do Lady Carcline juſtice," ſaid Lady FitzJohn, "ſhe does ſeem to wiſh to cultivate an acquaintance with us. Did you hear her ſing?"

"Oh yes, and mademoiſelle ſaid it was horrid. But mademoiſelle knows nothing about what has been right theſe ſeven years. I think Lady Caroline will go off very well; for the town wants new faces, and her figure is quite attic."

As my readers have probably had enough of mere faſhion, I will introduce a little common ſenſe in the next chapter by way of variety.

CHAP. X.

The Repoſe of the Caſtle diſturbed by Appearances as tremendous and portentous as the nodding Plumes at Otranto.

FOR one fortnight Lady Caroline perſevered in her plan of obliging her father, and cultivating the friendſhip of the FitzJohns; but, though the aptitude of her pupils enabled her every day to engraft ſome *new* extravagance on the *original* ſtock of abſurdity, ſhe grew weary of heaping incenſe on the ſhrine of vanity, and "holding up a mirror to folly" in which it refuſed to "ſee its own likeneſs." As a dejeuné, her neighbours were invalu-

able; but the mind required more ſolid food than *entremets*; yet the environs of Glanville caſtle afforded little to gratify the palled appetite of a philoſophical epicure.

Perhaps the converſation of Mr. Raymond was one exception to general ſatiety. That gentleman was conſtant in his viſits; and, though nothing could be cooler than the earl's general reception, he was one of thoſe happy characters that can parry ſcorn, and, wrapped in the conſciouſneſs of its own worth, ſit indulging the reveries of ſelf gratulation, while every body elſe is aſtoniſhed at its impudence. Beſide, though angry Jupiter roſe in oppoſition, a ſofter planet ſhed benign influence; and a man muſt be more than a ſtoic whoſe apathy could reſiſt the brilliant attractions of Lady Caroline Glanville.

It cannot be expected, that the morbid melancholy which preyed upon the earl

earl abated at his perceiving that the heiress of his fortunes devoted her attention to a man whom he considered as little better than a knight of industry. Nor did his sagacity afford a clue by which to direct his own conduct. As native pride confirmed his aristocratic predilection for titles, rank, and connexion, it no less restrained him from acknowledging that the principles by which he had governed his conduct were erroneous, as he must do if he proclaimed to the world that "the hope was drunk wherein he dressed himself." Beside, if, contrary to all rule, paternal authority should interpose, and forbid Raymond's visit, was there a prospect that such an interference would have a salutary influence over the lofty spirit of his daughter? He had plainly intimated his dislike; and the consequence was, that Raymond had risen considerably in Lady Caroline's estimation. He had encou-

encouraged her to despise prescription, to think and act for herself, and ever to bear in memory that *well-founding* maxim, "The conscious mind is its own awful world;" and he had cause to apprehend that the reason he had so carefully cultivated, would burst upon him in something like the following splendid exordium.

"You have taught me, that nature and feeling are ever right in their decisions; and you wish me to obey the vitiated laws of custom and general opinion. You have convinced me, that I possess inherent independence; and now you would inforce my submission to parental authority, an abuse which you have often told me was derived from misconception, fostered by priestcraft, and submitted to by childish imbecillity. You taught me, that my sex should pursue perfection by strengthening our passions at the expence of our vanity,

and

and now you require me to facrifice the moft exalted of the paffions, to what I efteem the corrupt habits of fociety. Can your fentiments of Raymond, or even the opinion that the world forms of him, become a rule to meafure my perceptions? The many may fuppofe him a fwindler, a dangler, a fortune-hunter, a parafite, or a contemptible being who fubfifts on the munificence of others. We are not formed to fee objects through the fame medium; and in the very qualities which you term vices I difcover the germ of whatever is great and good. You have taught me to fee and to judge for myfelf; you have told me that by adopting general opinions I fhould become the flave of prejudice, and that experience never made any thing but automatons. Adhere to your own precepts. As a human being I owe you univerfal philanthropy; nay I will go further, I will be tender of your

prejudices; but it is upon the condition that you reſpect mine. If not, all ties between us are diſſolved, and hoſtilities muſt commence. My attention to the FitzJohns is a ſacrifice to your humours; comply with mine by ſhewing civility to one whom I deem a kindred ſoul, or I muſt inſtantly aſſert thoſe inherent rights which you have convinced me I poſſeſs."

As it is poſſible that the generality of fathers would not approve of ſuch a declamation from any of their children, I muſt adviſe them to reflect before they adopt the new ſyſtem of education. Its tenets are ſo well adapted to ſuit the perverſe views of fallen humanity, that the *humbleſt* talent may hope to confront paternal *pertinacity*, with the weapons furniſhed by paternal *folly*. Surely, therefore, it is adviſeable, that we ſhould be certain that the reaſon we deify will prove to be right reaſon, before we accuſtom

cuſtom our children to ſacrifice every other motive of action on the altar of infallibility.

One evening Lady Caroline detained Raymond after the reſt of the dinner company had gone home; *oſtenſibly* from the motive of finiſhing a long conteſted game at cheſs, but *ſecretly* with the liberal deſign of counteracting her father's prejudices. The earl, to whom the moves of the combatants were exceedingly intereſting, threw himſelf in a chair oppoſite, with his eyes fixed on his daughter's face, which was animated with peculiar vivacity. His reverie was interrupted by a ſervant's informing him of the arrival of two ſtrangers, who announced themſelves to be the *friends* that Lord Glanville had long expected. The pallid hue of his lordſhip's countenance became inſtantly changed to the deepeſt ſcarlet, which as quickly faded away. His whole frame trembled, and his ſcarce

 articulate

articulate voice could hardly order that the company ſhould be ſhewn into another room. He now again looked at Lady Caroline with ſomewhat of re-proach mingled with affection. The feelings of the moment overcame habi-tual diſſimulation, and he found himſelf compelled to acknowledge the weakneſs of humanity by ſinking back in his chair.

Lady Caroline and her companion haſtened to ſupport him. He deſired the former to ring the bell, and on a ſervant's appearing he bade him order Mr. Raymond's horſes. Raymond, with an air of ſullen contempt, ſtalked out of the room, while Lady Caroline, with an encouraging ſmile, deſired him to come again ſoon, and finiſh the game. Lord Glanville dropped her hand at that moment, and uttered ſuch a ſigh as even rouſed the compaſſion of the fair ſtoic, who expreſſed her apprehenſions that he *really* was unwell.

"Do

"Do you expreſs your *hopes* or your *fears?*" inquired the earl ſternly.

"Bleſs me, my lord!" replied the young lady, "you quite alarm me by that inquiry. I thought you uſed to pique yourſelf on the harmony, attachment, and confidence which ſubſiſts between us. Your lordſhip knows that you are *conſidered* as the moſt liberal of fathers, and that all the world *envies* me. If you give way to theſe melancholy moods, you will ruin your temper, as well as your health; and, inſtead of being conſidered as a *moſt agreeable* man, you will be avoided like Dr. Chalkſtone, the old gouty prebendary."

"True," replied the earl, with a ſtill deeper ſigh, recollecting at that very inſtant one of his own maxims, namely, "reproof is the ſoul of friendſhip," though poſſibly he could have wiſhed that his daughter had not adopted it,

juſt at the inſtant when his ſoul was wrung by deep and incurable anguiſh. He then began to accuſe the *infernal* damps which had ſo unhinged him, and made him ſo nervous and languid, that he could not ſee his friends that evening. "But you will do the honours, Caroline," continued he; "they are people of great worth and reſpectability; and before you retire to your chamber ſtep to my bed-ſide and inform me how you like Mr. Brudenell—and *his*—*his* grand-daughter, and what they talk about."

Wondering at this unuſual requeſt, Lady Caroline was paſſing to the door, when the earl again detained her.

"You was perfectly right to aſk Raymond to come again. I know we ſee him in the ſame light; but I was too rude; it is, as I have heard *you* obſerve, impolitic to be rude to any one."

"O,

"O, my dear lord," you are the very mirror of politenefs and condefcenfion. But may not I now wifh you good night? I fhall difturb you if I come in after you have taken your draught."

"I fhall not fleep to-night," faid the earl preffing his hand to his head, with a look that feemed to fay, "I have murdered fleep."

"I really am unwilling to leave you," continued this *affectionate* daughter, as fhe turned round to fee if her father was likely to faint. "Can't I be of the leaft fervice to you," was her kind inquiry as fhe held the door in her hand.

"I fhall be obliged to you to fend Jervais to me," faid the *polite* father. "I muft go to bed; be attentive to our guefts."

"Certainly; and I beg, that for my fake you will keep yourfelf quite quiet, and not *think* of them."

"I cannot help *thinking*," replied Lord Glanville.

I am rather aſhamed to record all theſe breaches of rules and ſyſtems in a profeſſed aſſertor of the abſolute volition of reaſon, the mechaniſm of habits, and the ideal diſtinctions of good and evil. I might, indeed, plead that Lord Glanville's health was really impaired; but, as mind ought always to be omnipotent over matter, I muſt allow, that neither a damp evening, nor an eaſterly wind, juſtify him for thus ſurrendering the authority of ſovereign reaſon to phyſical cauſes. I feel myſelf compelled to diſappoint thoſe hopes which my firſt deſcription of this nobleman may have excited, and obſerve, that philoſophy has no right to accuſe chriſtianity of never producing a diſciple who entirely lives up to its *holy* injunctions, till ſhe herſelf can ſhew us a votary who executes her far *inferior* model of perfect fair and good;

of fulfilling her conception of thofe qualities in his *private* retirements, as well as when he *acts* a part upon the theatre of *public* obfervation.

Lady Caroline was fo affected by her father's fituation, that fhe thought proper to fee Jervais herfelf. She charged the venerable old domeftic, who had lived with the earl from his youth, to be very attentive to his mafter, and if he faw any fymptoms of danger to inform her, that fhe might immediately fend for medical affiftance. She now proceeded to perform her hofpitable duties, a little wondering who thefe ftrangers could be whom her father was fo difpofed to honour. She had juft fet them down for odd beings, counterparts of the Fitz-Johns, when, on entering their apartment, fhe was received by a clergyman of a moft venerable, dignified afpect, and a young lady whofe countenance befpoke

befpoke an amiable and ingenuous mind.

"Lady Caroline Glanville, I prefume," faid Mr. Brudenell bowing with the air of a man who had already feen fomething quite as wonderful. "Sophia, my love, I am fure you will be happy to merit the good opinion of Lady Caroline."

The young lady advanced with modeft grace, and prefented her hand, but withdrew it when fhe perceived Lady Caroline feemed fcarcely difpofed to fecond this familiarity. She alfo attempted to fpeak, but her voice faultered too much to fay any thing articulately.

Lady Caroline's penetration had inftantaneoufly difcovered in this young ftranger the companion of whom her father had formerly talked; and, though fhe was not predifpofed to feel partial to his protegees, fhe almoft believed fhe

ſhould like ſomething ſo gentle and unaſſuming. "At leaſt," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "this girl ſeems free from affectation, and I ſhould think her timidity indicates that ſhe is of a good *teacheable* diſpoſition. She will do to play off againſt that deteſtable Meliſandriania. But it will not be amiſs to ſhew the poor thing a few of the advantages that reſult from an education conducted upon an enlarged liberal plan."

In compliance with this reſolution, Lady Caroline now ruſhed on the fair ſtranger with open arms, and embraced her with an air of extacy. "I have been ſtudying your countenance," ſaid ſhe, "and the inveſtigation convinces me that you have an indubitable claim to the eſteem of every beholder: Miſs Brudenell will, I truſt, allow me to rank myſelf amongſt her *warmeſt* friends."

"The moſt diſcerning," obſerved Mr. Brudenell with a ſmile, "are liable to

miſtakes

miſtakes on ſuperficial information. You muſt at preſent call her Sophy Herbert; and you muſt permit her to claim your friendſhip as a reward for *deſert*, not as a *gratuitous* preſent."

Lady Caroline turned her eyes upon Mr. Brudenell, and felt the reflection of "this is an odd old quiz" checked by the mild benignity of his countenance. She was extremely inclined to *deſpiſe* a man who had the audacity to give her a gentle reproof; yet ſhe could proceed no further than to wonder where he had ſpent his time, that he ſhould thus attempt to check the lively effuſion of ſpontaneous affection. His elegant manners did not allow her to ſuppoſe that he had lived in entire ſecluſion; and yet ſurely *his* world muſt have been very different from that with which *ſhe* had been acquainted.

She now began to apologize for her father's abſence, and was proceeding to relate

relate all the circumſtances that attended his being taken ſuddenly ill at the moment their arrival was announced, when ſhe was interrupted by Mr. Brudenell's deſiring Miſs Herbert to walk to the window, obſerving that her journey had overcome her. Lady Caroline ſtepped forward to offer the young lady her ſalts, and perceived that ſhe was in tears. All further offices of civility were prevented by Sophia's deſiring, in a manner too earneſt to be merely common-place, that Lady Caroline would immediately return to her father.

"It muſt be miſery," ſaid ſhe, "for you to ſtay with us, and we are too weary to be good company this evening. Permit us to retire to our apartments. I am ſure his lordſhip muſt wiſh for *your* attendance." Mr. Brudenell eagerly joined in this petition; he even ſeemed to indicate that duty *compelled* her to comply. "Theſe are very extraordi-

nary people, indeed" thought Lady Caroline.

At this inſtant Jervais appeared, with a requeſt to ſpeak to his lady. The ſtrangers only indiſtinctly heard what paſſed; but they caught the words "Somewhat better, and wiſhes to ſee your ladyſhip for a few moments."

"Nay then all ceremony ends this inſtant," ſaid Miſs Herbert advancing to the door. "Indeed you *muſt* go. I feel myſelf quite at home, and if you perverſely refuſe me we will go to bed ſupperleſs from revenge." A ſort of playful conteſt continued for a few minutes between the ladies; Caroline at length yielded, and called Jervais to follow her. Her ſummons was again repeated, while the old man ſtood rooted at the door, with his eyes rivetted on Miſs Herbert's countenance.

Now, leſt my readers ſhould ſuppoſe that, by way of novelty, I am going to deſcribe

deſcribe an amour between an aged valet and a young beauty, I here declare that Mr. Jervais's attention to Miſs Herbert proceeded from a ſentiment very *diſtinct* from love.

We will now attend Lady Caroline to her father's chamber. She found him in his night-gown and ſlippers, and perceived that he had thrown himſelf upon the bed, from which his reſtleſs anxiety again compelled him to riſe. She inquired after his health; "Better," replied he with energy. "It is very kind in you Caroline to leave your friends to come to me. I want to know what *you* think of them?" "It is impoſſible for me to judge on ſuch a ſlight view," returned Lady Caroline.

"But their perſons and manners?"

"Extremely prepoſſeſſing."

"Have you ſeen any body whom you think like Miſs Herbert?"

"No, my lord."

"I have heard that ſhe has a likeneſs to our family. Do you perceive it?"

"Not in the leaſt my lord. Is ſhe related?"

"Diſtantly," rejoined his lordſhip ſtarting from his chair, and walking acroſs the room. "But you think her pleaſant?"

"From the very little I have ſeen, I ſhould ſay uncommonly ſo."

"I mean—it is my intention—I had ſome thoughts—that is, if it is perfectly agreeable to you, that ſhe ſhould *reſide* with us in future. I fancied you wanted a companion."

"You are infinitely kind, my lord."

"But if you ſhould have the leaſt objection ——"

Lady Caroline ſaw many advantages in the ſervices of an humble couſin, who promiſed to be lively, obſequious, good-humoured, and was not handſomer than herſelf. She would have embraced

braced the propoſal with joy, had not her curioſity to know her father's motives for making it ſuggeſted ſome unpleaſant forebodings? but theſe were overborne by the feelings of the moment; and ſhe anſwered that ſhe was ſure ſhe ſhould feel happy in Miſs Herbert's company. Lord Glanville preſſed her hand with a more tranquil air, and diſmiſſed her with an obſervation that he *now* fancied he could ſleep.

Lord Glanville's reſtleſs habits, however, returned after his daughter had left him. He applied to his books; but Hume was inharmonious and Voltaire dull. He now felt obliged to condeſcend to converſe with his ſervant, in order to avoid the *inſupportable* company of his own thoughts. The ſilver hairs of Jervais, indeed, preſented a claim for confidence, and his reſpectful manners proved that he would not abuſe the familiarity of his ſuperiors.

"Well

"Well Jervais," ſaid his lordſhip with an air of forced gaiety, "I ſuppoſe the neighbourhood will ſoon begin to talk of the *graces* of Glanville caſtle. Sir Peter's daughter is a ſprightly brunette, Caroline is certainly tolerable, and our new inmate, the young lady who is juſt arrived, is I am told a beauty. Have you ſeen her Jervais?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And what do you think of her? I ſuppoſe, like moſt *old* fellows, you will ſay ſhe is nothing to the Kitty Fells and Nancy Dawſons of your youth."

"I ſhould be ſorry, my lord, to diſparage the young lady. I do think her handſome, very handſome, but not ſo beautiful as a perſon whom I vaſtly admired ſeven and forty years ago."

"Aye! pray who was that?"

"I beg your lordſhip's pardon, we will name no names if your lordſhip pleaſes; though the young lady is ſo like

 her,

her, that at firſt I thought it was her riſen out of her grave."

"I inſiſt upon knowing whom you mean," ſaid the earl riſing.

"Then your lordſhip muſt not be diſpleaſed with me. The pretty creature we uſed to ſee at St. Mary's church when your lordſhip was firſt entered at Oxford. They called her Sophy Aubrey."

"Is ſhe like Sophy Aubrey?" reſumed the earl, dropping into a chair from extreme agitation.

"Her face," ſaid Jervais, "the turn of her countenance, her voice——I fear your lordſhip is faint again ——"

"No; ſeized with a ſpaſm in my ſtomach. Give me ſome Noycan; theſe curſed damps unſtring my nerves. Remember, Jervais, when the wind is in the ſouth-weſt, I will drink three glaſſes of Madeira at dinner. I am better; leave me."

Jervais had reached the door, when his maſter called him back, to order him not to mention this circumſtance to the family. Jervais, ſuppoſing his lordſhip alluded to the ſpaſm in his ſtomach, replied, that Lady Caroline had given poſitive orders, that Dr. Merridan ſhould be ſent for if he had any return.

"What, to poiſon me?" exclaimed the earl in a rage. "She knows that I deteſt Merridan. I detected his quackery, and now he hates me, and I make no doubt would kill me out of revenge."

"My lord, 'tis her ladyſhip's anxiety ——"

"Aye! true, her ſympathy, her affection. Right, Jervais. Caroline would be wretched if ſhe loſt me. Go and tell her I am better—quite well—but hark not one word——"

"Muſt I not own that your lordſhip has had another attack?"

"Fool——

"Fool——" I mean that Mifs Herbert is like Sophy Aubrey. It would excite unfavourable ideas, ftrange fufpicions."

"I do not underftand your lordfhip."

"How fhould you?" returned the earl, forcing a hollow fmile, as he recollected that Jervais had never been the *chofen* confidant of his amours, and had too little natural impertinence to *pry* into his fecrets. "You muft confider," continued he, "that it is no compliment to compare a young lady of fafhion to a fempftrefs. That Oxford girl was a fempftrefs I think."

"A milliner, my lord."

"You are right: I *forget* thefe things: The opiate affects my memory. But, Jervais, fhut the door, and come near me. I want to talk to you. How came you fo well acquainted with Sophy Aubrey?"

"Your lordfhip fent me——"

 "How?"

"How?"

"Twice to the ſhop, for parcels which you had purchaſed, and the young lady talked to me in ſuch a pretty affable manner——"

"Can you remember what it was about?"

"Oh, my lord, I never ſhall forget. About your *goodneſs* to her old mother and her brother, the poor captain that was afterwards ſo raſh, and *ungrateful*. The tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe claſped her lily hands while ſhe begged heaven to bleſs you. She ſaid you was the *beſt* of men. I think I ſee her now."

"So do I," ſaid Lord Glanville, wildly fixing his eyes on vacancy, and graſping the hand of Jervais with convulſive terror.

"What can I do for your lordſhip?" ſaid the faithful valet, who knew enough of his lord's caſe, to have no dependence on the ſkill of Doctor Merridan.

"Give

"Give me a hundred drops of laudanum," ſaid his lordſhip in the mournful accents of deſpair; "and if that do not relieve me *nothing* will."

We will leave the earl to enjoy the feveriſh repoſe of forced forgetfulneſs, and attend the retirement of Lady Caroline. The events of the evening conſiderably affected *her*; and a converſation which ſhe had juſt had with the Brudenells rendered her equally unfit for ſleep, or to be amuſed by the converſation of her favourite Abigail. In vain did Mrs. Chenille expatiate on the *ilegance* of cambric muſlin ſtriped with lace, on the *jintility* of bell ſleeves, on the *becomingneſs* of ſilver *tyras*, and the *inchanting* effect of bare elbows and naked ſhoulders. Lady Caroline continued playing inattentively with her ſmelling-bottle.

A new ſubject was then ſtarted; and Mrs. Chenille declared it to be the opi-

nion of the *majors* in the ſteward's room, that the young lady who was juſt arrived did not know how to *dreſs* (or I ſhould rather ſay *undreſs*) to advantage. "Mr. Jervais and Thomas," continued Mrs. Chenille, "did ſay ſhe was very handſome, and Mr. Doyley gave her for his toaſt; but Mrs Brown ſaid your ladyſhip was millions of times more beautiful; ſo to be ſure I was *edgey* to ſee her, and would carry in bed-candles myſelf. But ſuch a figure, ſo wrapped and huddled, with no more drapery than a Dutch doll, and ſuch a blowſe of hair in her neck; and ſo, to be ſure, when I went to offer her my ſervices, ſhe made me a curteſy, and ſaid ſhe was uſed to wait on herſelf. Aye, thought I, ſo you do I dare ſay; but if you had any body with you that was a *genus*, you would be a better figure than you are."

This rhetorical ſally was not honoured by one poor ſmile. Lady Caroline was

too

too much ſtruck by ſome obſervations of Mr. Brudenell's to be pleaſed with abuſe or frivolity. The converſation of that gentleman tended to confirm the favourable opinion which his firſt appearance excited. He ſeemed ſufficiently attentive to the claims of *others* to be reſpectful and polite, and ſufficiently conſcious of what was due to *himſelf* to be firm and dignified. He appeared to have the art of giving intereſt to grave diſcourſe, by the happy choice of his expreſſions, and the caſual introduction of appoſite but ſtriking anecdotes. He knew enough of the world to treat it with propriety; he neither ſpoke of it with the aſperity of a diſappointed worſhipper, nor with the adulatory commendations of a candidate for its ſmiles. He ſeemed ſatisfied with life's feaſt, willing to riſe from the banquet, and wholly void of envy at thoſe new gueſts who were to ſupply his place at the table. The only

plea that Lady Caroline could form against her being *excessively* fond of Mr. Brudenell's company proceeded from her fearing that she *never could laugh at him.*

And yet he had many appendages that had been the never-failing theme of her ladyship's ridicule when annexed to the black coats who frequented her father's table. In the first place, he wore an immense canonical wig, to which her ideas always attached stupidity and bigotry. Next, his coat was made in almost positive defiance of the prevailing mode; he had a rose in his large hat, which was also flapped in front, and he did not blush to display a pair of small gold shoe buckles. All this was certainly very singular, yet such a gracefulness did these modes acquire from the suavity of his manners, that she doubted whether they were not more characteristic of the Christian priesthood, than the half

half pagan half democratic dreſs of clerical jeſſamies, bloods, or foxhunters.

To proceed with Mr. Brudenell's *odd* ways. He ſaid grace at ſupper. This obſolete cuſtom was, ſhe knew, ſometimes revived, when any dignified clergyman was preſent; but ſhe obſerved the time was generally ſpent by the ladies in deciding which gentleman ſhould ſit by them; and the whole affair was always ſo confuſed, that ſhe could not recollect ever hearing a word of it. Yet, ſo impreſſive was Mr. Brudenell's voice, and ſo devout his manner, that allowing the Supreme Being could be intereſted by the addreſſes of mortals, and that the fruits of the earth really did proceed from his bounty, and not from the ordinary operations of *nature*, there was an air of gratitude and *propriety* in the ceremony.

Still, though Lady Caroline allowed Mr. Brudenell to be a gentleman, ſhe muſt affirm that he belonged to the old

ſchool. The ſervants had hardly retired, when he revived another gothic cuſtom, and, filling his glaſs, propoſed as a ſentiment the reſtoration of Lord Glanville's health and happineſs. "You muſt be guilty of a little exceſs to-night, ladies," ſaid he, "by pledging me in a wiſh ſo highly intereſting to *us* all."

"Undoubtedly," returned Lady Caroline. "But, Mr. Brudenell, I conclude that you are one of my lord's very old friends; and, as I doubt not you have a great influence over him, you muſt allow me to requeſt that you will exert it in one inſtance."

"I believe," returned Mr. Brudenell, "I may truly ſtyle myſelf his lordſhip's *friend;* but, as I have not the honour to be perſonally known to him, it is doubtful what influence I *may* poſſeſs."

"Not known to *him!* Pardon me, you ſpeak with ſuch frankneſs, that I feel myſelf induced to throw off all reſerve.

Mine

Mine is naturally an open character, and I rejoice when I meet with one similar to my own. May I ask if *you* are *related* to our family?"

Mr. Brudenell anſwered,—"*I* have not that honour. I confeſs, my dear Lady Caroline, we are at preſent very *myſterious* people. I am convinced that his lordſhip will ſoon relieve your very pardonable curioſity reſpecting the reaſons of our intruſion; and in the interim, if I can any way promote your wiſhes—— But you was going to *requeſt* ſomething of me. Had you not better turn it into a *command*?"

"There are gentlemen whom I may *command*," ſaid Lady Caroline ſmiling, "but I dare not talk in that ſtyle to you. What I wiſh is, that you would adviſe my lord to exert his energies to ſubdue a habit of dejection that grows upon him every year. It injures his health, and renders him quite miſerable

in

in the midſt of all his enjoyments. Beſide, he is ſo engroſſed by this hoſt of blue devils, one ſhrieking about an eaſt wind, and another howling over a damp, that he is abſolutely ſpoiled for a companion."

"You muſt prepare yourſelf for a long reply, madam," returned Mr. Brudenell, "and I will allow you to ſmile at my egotiſm and garrulity; but *we* old men have a common intereſt in excuſing the infirmities of age. Conſider one moment, before you cenſure your father for giving way to melancholy, how different muſt be the eſtimate that we form of life, when we view it from the *eminence* of youth, and when we contemplate it from the *vale* of years. At the former period, we generally poſſeſs health, ſtrength, lively ſpirits, fair proſpects, a conſcience free from any keen remorſe, and a mind unbroken by care or diſappointment. Where will you

point

point out the favoured being who has carried all theſe bleſſings with him to his journey's end? Happy are thoſe who preſerve only *one* of them, I mean a ſoul untroubled by remorſe. But can you wonder that enfeebled ſtrength and declining health ſhould often want reſolution to exert thoſe energies of which you ſpeak? The underſtanding cannot always be active under the preſſure of bodily ſuffering; and if we recur to Memory for amuſement, ſhe has recorded much of what is painful, as well as what is pleaſant. Our mental faculties too often participate in our corporeal decay; and very few people on the verge of ſeventy feel themſelves equal to thoſe active exerciſes that are even neceſſary to brace the nerves of youth. In this ſtate, the beſt of us are glad to throw ourſelves on the aſſiſtance of our fellow-creatures; and, as youth may profit by the experience of age, ſo age derives its moſt exhilarating

hilarating cordial from the kind attentions and lively fallies of youth. Your ladyſhip is looking at your watch; allow me one moment to make the *application*; for I muſt proceed in my *profeſſional* routine. I have little chance of relieving Lord Glanville's dejection, eſpecially as it has refiſted the united powers of your very pleaſing vivacity, and I doubt not very exemplary *filial* piety."

Lady Caroline bluſhed, played with her locket, longed to appear angry with Mr. Brudenell, and owned with a faultering tone, that his lordſhip's melancholy had ſo far *infected* her, that ſhe felt it impoſſible to *exert* herſelf to entertain him.

"This is all very natural, madam," replied Mr. Brudenell. "We conform to the habits of thoſe we converſe with; but, as Providence deſigned this for one of the ſecurities of ſocial comfort, we muſt not complain. You will henceforth

forth have an aſſiſtant. Sophia will conſider it as her duty and pleaſure to join you in your painful but amiable office; and I truſt we ſhall reſtore the Earl of Glanville to his *early* ſelf."

"Do you know, Miſs Herbert," ſaid Lady Caroline, who had ſufficiently recovered herſelf to be a little arch, "that your grandfather is a rebel? A pretty figure I ſhould have made had I been duped by his *falſe* humility, and laid any *commands* upon him. Had I, for inſtance, only *ordered* him to join me in a reel, I almoſt fear he would have been refractory."

"He had ſuch a confidence in your propriety," replied Miſs Herbert, "that he was certain you would not have wiſhed to exhibit him in a *ridiculous* light. But what has he done that is ſo very rebellious?"

"Has not he preſumed to give me an oblique lecture?" returned Lady Caroline;

Caroline; "and muſt I not creep through the cold gallery before I go to bed, and ſtand liſtening at my lord's chamber door to know if he is aſleep?"

"At leaſt," obſerved Sophia, "my grandpapa does not excel *you* in the art of giving *oblique* lectures. My dear ſir, time has flown ſo pleaſantly, that we have forgotten the hour. But Lady Caroline has juſt hinted, that ſhe *muſt* perform her accuſtomed attentions to Lord Glanville, who is doubtleſs *waiting* for her expected viſit."

Mr. Brudenell roſe at this addreſs, and, reſpectfully bowing to Lady Caroline, "My dear pupil, or my dear lady miſtreſs," ſaid he "by whatever name you chooſe to call yourſelf, be aſſured that you ſee in me only one character, namely, a plain old man, who wiſhes to be your faithful friend. Preſent our reſpectful regards to Lord Glanville. Bid him conſult his own feelings; per-

haps he had better see me before Sophia is introduced. Good night, my dear girl," continued he, turning to his granddaughter, who trembled at the preceding addrefs; "be compofed and commend yourfelf to the care of Heaven; all will end well."

It was upon this very fingular converfation that Lady Caroline ruminated. "Thefe people," faid fhe to herfelf, "are neither fools nor bigots, and yet they appear to be really religious. They muft furely be hypocrites, and yet they feem too cheerful and unconftrained to be acting a part. I long to talk to Mifs Herbert about her principles; as for Mr Brudenell, I do not think that I dare attack him, even with Voltaire at my elbow."

Such were the reflections that crowded into Lady Caroline's mind, and almoft excluded her curiofity to folve the enigma, why thefe extraordinary vifitors

appeared

appeared at Glanville caftle in a ftyle fo diffimilar to that of common guefts. Even her folicitude to beat Mr. Raymond at chefs was abated; and fhe perceived that fhe had thought lefs of him for fome hours, than fhe had done for many weeks preceding.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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